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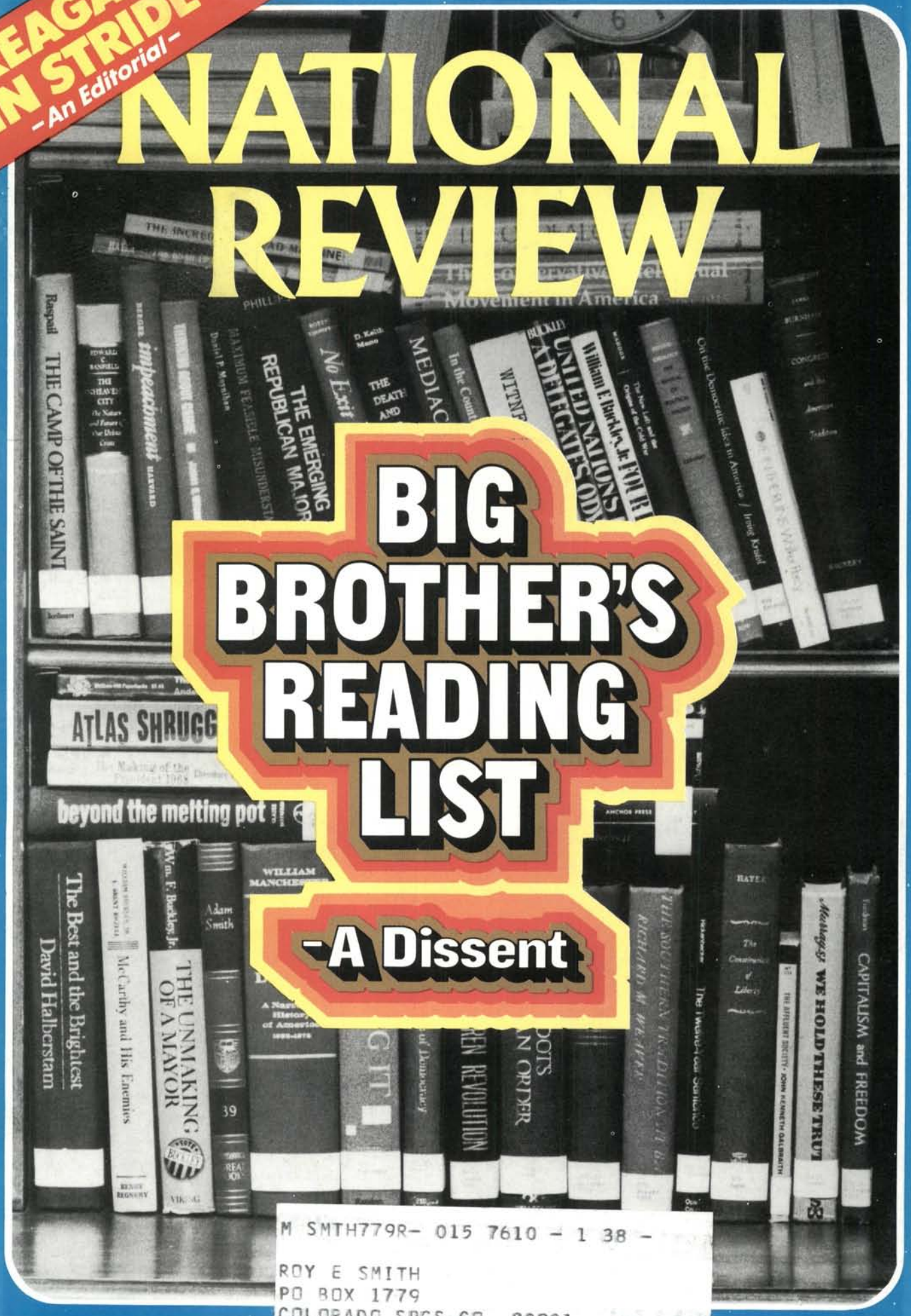
-An Editorial-

NATIONAL REVIEW



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-A Dissent

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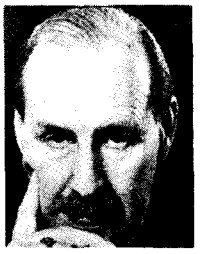

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ARTICLES

549 **Big Brother's Reading List—A Dissent**
With the encouragement and money of the Federal Government, the American Library Association has compiled and published a quasi-official Bicentennial Reading List. Alas, it is seriously defective, both in quality and in tendency: there can be too much of William Appleman Williams, and there can't be too little of Wally Hickel. We therefore submit our thoughts on the ALA list, a revised list of our own, and a few comments on individual works.

559 **New Man at 10 Downing**
Harold Wilson got out before the roof caved in, leaving Britain's woes to an apparently inadequate successor. *Anthony Lejeune*

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561 **Ecône—A Symptom**
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562 **Test Case**
New York could take a few tips from another city of immigrants, Hong Kong.
William F. Rickenbacker

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What will they do when Bing Crosby stops singing? *John Hutchinson*

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567 *Hostage to the Devil*, by Malachi Martin, examines five harrowing exorcisms.
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568 If *The Existential Pleasures of Engineering* had been about the existential pleasures of engineering, it might have been a good book. *D. Keith Mano*

570 In *The Conditions of Freedom*, Harry V. Jaffa offers a profoundly positive defense of the political order. *M. J. Sobran Jr.*

571 Albert Speer's Spandau diaries show him to have been the embodiment of a German predicament. *Robert W. Merry*

572 *Uncle of Europe* portrays England's last great king. *John Lukacs*

573 By golly, Otis L. Graham Jr. has come right out and said it: we need more state planning. *Allen G. Weakland*

574 Hugh Ford's *Published in Paris* isn't quite the bady needed book it set out to be.
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Letters

Carter and His Constituency

John Coyne's piece on Jimmy Carter ["Niceguyin' His Way to the White House?" May 14] is frightening. Carter gives me the creeps, just like—oh, Bishop Moore of New York. Moore calls corporations immoral for leaving New York City—but fortunately his calling them immoral doesn't make them immoral, or even bring consequences down upon their heads. Carter just wants love and justice—along with government programs like nationalized medicine. Unfortunately, *his* calling for it (as President) would significantly increase the chances of nationalized medicine's coming into being. I doubt that the patient who will suffer and wait interminably in the United States if we import the English system of medicine will suffer any the less because the system was imposed on him by a man full of love and compassion.

One must be full of the love of power to think that a centralized government of professional bureaucrats can bring justice to all men. Carter also shares his initials with Julius Caesar, to whom, of course, the Christian has a duty to render a certain class of things—so long as Caesar is in office. But he need not be loved or supported. Carter is a Caesar. Such men are dangerous.

Louisville, Ky. DAVID OLNER

Mr. John R. Coyne Jr. seems to be correct in his suggestion that American political thought is being redefined, although the process probably started long before Jimmy Carter decided to run for the Presidency. Perhaps what we are witnessing is a dramatic breakthrough in the de-ideologization of politics.

In any event, the Left is becoming divided. On one side is the New Class and a group that might be referred to as the institutionalized New Dealists. On the other side of this liberal divide is an undefined group that appears to be drifting toward conservatism. Whether or not this group is led by false prophets (Carter?), it will play a key role in de-ideologizing politics. These maverick liberals seem willing to listen to conservatives. Maybe someday they will even become full-fledg conservatives, however the latter are d fined.

But are we ready for them? As M Coyne points out, "the Right . . . simp cannot make its points without a radic Left to score against." The opportunity divide the Left irreparably, to reinstitu the "Madisonian majority," is at han However, conservatives are failing to gra that opportunity, despite the exhortatio of William Rusher and others. Your ec torial [April 30] proclaims "Abandc Ship!"—but just where are the libera supposed to go? In *Inveighing We Will G* William F. Buckley Jr. speaks of keepi an "alternative landing field" open to t liberals. Unfortunately, someone forgot man the tower.

Muskegon, Mich. GARY KREI

Their von Dreele

Up until today I thought W. H. vc Dreele had no equal. Sorry to say, I ha found his superior—behind the Iron Cu tain. The London *Times* recently carri this "Portrait of Lady Thatcher," writt by Aleksei Zharov. It originally appear in *Krokodil*, the Soviet equivalent *Punch*:

Lady Thatcher, Conservative chief,
Stamping and strutting, gnashing h
teeth.
Every speech a terrible dirge,
Shouting out her hysterical words:
As if the freeze would never finish,
As if the sun would never shine,
As if the Reds would always menace,
The lady lays it on the line.
There's no known cure for Lac
Thatcher.
From dreams like these you car
unlatch her.
She woke up to find detente one day
And cursed and wished it would g
away.
Out loud about cold war she's crying,
A magnet clinging to the past.
It's all for nothing, still she's trying
To freeze warm air with an icy blast.

New York, N.Y. ALAN TAPLINGE

(Continues on page 532)

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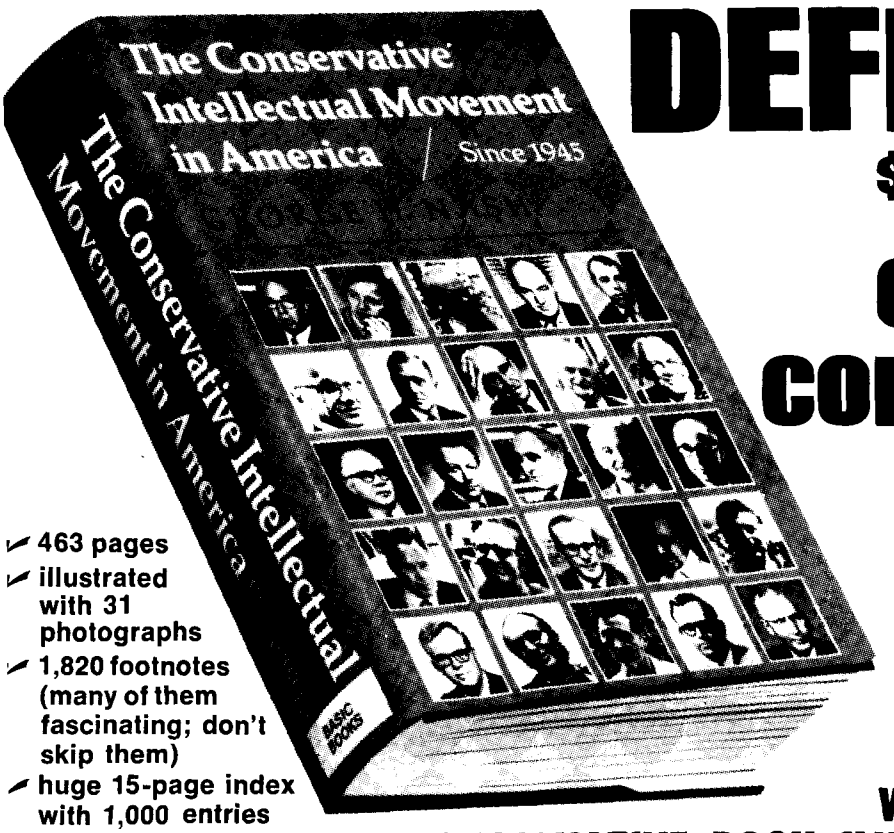
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 530)

Angola: Whose Battle?

An editorial [March 19] shows "how th news can be twisted as much by innocen ignorance as by deliberate design" by th *New York Times*. On the same page yo attribute the MPLA's success in Angola t "Soviet rockets and tanks plus large num bers of Cuban mercenaries" ["Angol Finale"]. The use of the word "mercenary in this context is pejorative and factuall inaccurate, to say the least, and it consti tutes just as much a distortion of the fact in support of an ideological position as th *Times*' use of the word "plan" cited b the other editorial.

Do you seriously propose to instruct u that the Cubans are being paid by th MPLA, or that their motives are those o personal gain, or that all soldiers fightin overseas for either second or third partie are mercenaries? What about Korean fighting in Vietnam? What about Turks i Korea? What about the Marines in Le banon? What about Lafayette?

Napa, Calif. GARETH S. PEN

Excuse us, but though we know lots an lots of Cubans, who know lots and lots o other Cubans, we have never succeeded i tracking down one (1) Cuban who pined t give his life for the triumph of the MPLA Since the Cuban soldiers are being paid t fight people they would not ordinarily figh voluntarily (e.g., enemies of their coun try), it is plausible to call them mercenaries like the Swiss, Hessians, and Circassians i times past. —ED

Soviet successes in southern Africa are directly attributable to the inauthenticity of reporting by members of Congres (such as Iowa Senator Dick Clark and California Senator John Tunney) on the importance to American national security of Angola, Mozambique, Rhodesia, and especially the Republic of South Africa. It appears that the likes of Clark and Tunney are incapable of accurate analysis of the seriousness of a Soviet invasion in southern Africa. They do not realize that the United States must participate exten-

(Continues on page 534)

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You wouldn't have read this far unless you had an interest in or an idea for a book. I believe in most rational people there is the capacity to write at least one good book, and in a few a great book. Perhaps your book might be based on your childhood, job, hobby, or marriage, or, of course, fiction. How often have you heard, "You ought to write a book," or said "One of these days I'm going to write a book"? Perhaps you've already written a book and have been turned down by publishers. What do you think the chances are of getting a book accepted by a conventional publisher, let alone achieve best seller status?

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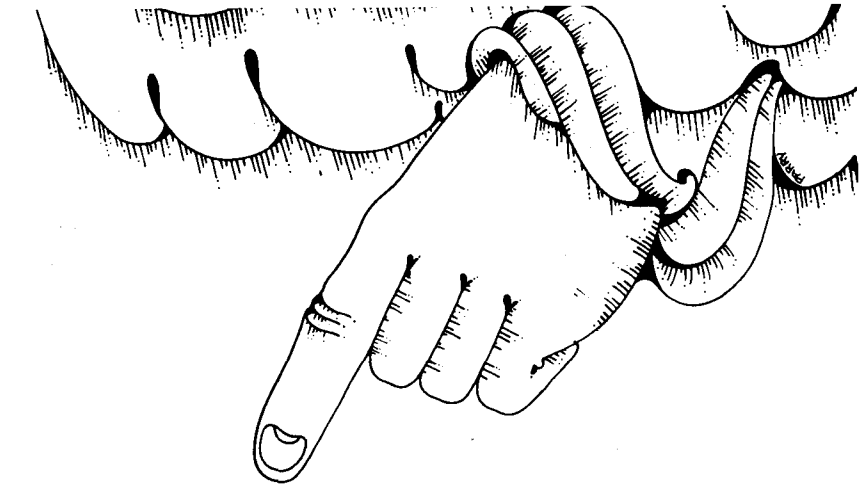

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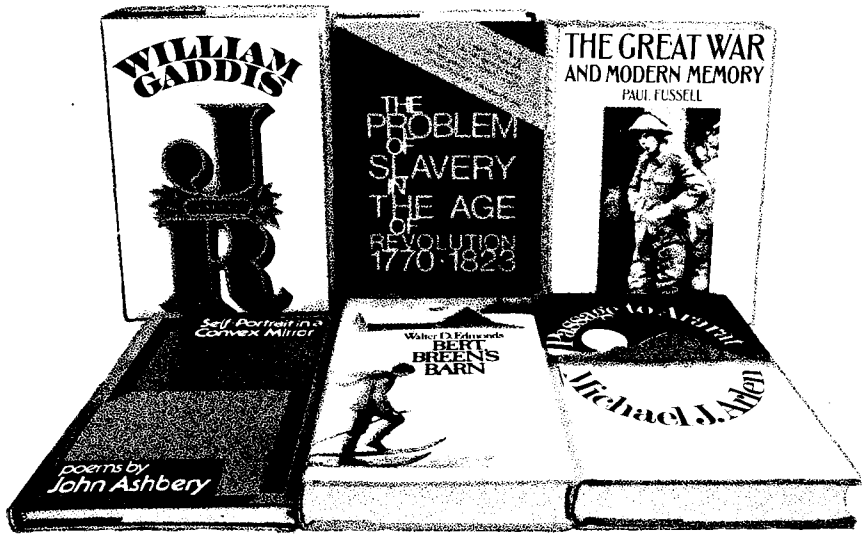

Of the 41 nominees, only these 6 have won the

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THE GREAT WAR AND MODERN MEMORY / Paul Fussell (Oxford Univ. Press)

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PASSAGE TO ARARAT / Michael J. Arlen (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)

sively in southern Africa with the sti salvageable countries of Rhodesia an South Africa. It seems that only Jame Burnham ["Angola: What Is Moscow U To?" March 19] and John Hutchinson ["A Program for Peace," April 16] have accu rate perception concerning the relationshi of southern Africa to the security of th West. Would it be possible for thes writers to give Senators Clark and Tunne a short course in accurate reporting an analysis?

Topeka, Kans. D. M. ADKIN

Correction

For the record, the biographical note ac companying my article on former Vic President Agnew ["Echoes of . . . Shh . . . (Spiro)," April 30] overstated m credentials. I was not Barry Goldwater' press secretary in 1964 but his assistan press secretary. I served Spiro Agnew nc from 1968 on, but from 1970 to Januar of 1973.

Washington, D.C. VIC GOL

In the Dark

Where does Russell Kirk ["Darkness i Darke County," April 16] find passages i the Constitution "referring to the Divine" References to God were conspicuous b their absence from the Constitution. Whe a clergyman confronted Alexander Hamil ton on the street and admonished him fo this failure, Hamilton's response was "W forgot." The terms in which Jefferso speaks of God in the Declaration of Inde pendence hardly seem the kind that th Tabernacle Baptists would use in prayer they wished to have their children recit in school. Of course, Mr. Jefferson woul be fully in sympathy with the right o these Baptist parents to choose their ow school for their children.

Glens Falls, N.Y. NORMAN ENHORNIN

Neither Celtic nor a Fringe

It may sound presumptuous to challeng so fair and experienced a commentator o the British scene as my old friend an colleague Colm Brogan. But surely hi claim that the "Celtic fringe"—a ter used currently in Britain as if it were a sort of Indian territory—put the Labo Party in power is somewhat fanciful ["The State of the Party," April 2].

True, there would not now be and neve would have been a Labor majority i Parliament without the Welsh and Scot tish seats. But I cannot see how the in dustrial belt that runs across Scotland

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om Edinburgh to Glasgow through
alkirk, embracing the Lanarkshire mills,
e coal mines, and the Clydeside docks,
either Celtic or "the fringe" of any-
here. The strength of Scottish National-
n lies in the Lowlands, and the Low-
nder is no more Celtic than the London-
.

ondon GEORGE EDINGER

overnment Theft

ter J. Dubuisson ["Letters," Feb. 20] id it well: inflationary government poli-es are surely a disguised form of theft. nd blaming businessmen (who have to n faster all the time to stay in the same ace) is a truly brilliant ploy.

But it's even worse than that. Not con-nt to erode our savings and investments, e politicians gleefully tax whatever we n recover in the way of cost-of-living creases by means of higher tax brackets. Then, not content with that either, they oceed to tax "capital gains," which, for e most part, are illusory—merely reflec-ons of inflation.

And as if all that weren't enough, they e debating the removal of the meager otection that capital "gains" have en-yed in the past.

What Dubuisson said needs saying again, id again, and again.

CHARLES H. CHANDLER

Framingham, Mass.

bout Face, Row!

appreciated the wry humor of Ulus-ak's "abandon ship" cartoon ["The eek," April 30], but something about the awing bothered me. After a second look, discovered the problem—the Prime Min-ter is arse backwards! Standard rowing chniques place the oarsman facing the *ern* of the boat. Bad enough to have a aptain preceding the rats, but when he n't row either! Shiver me timbers . . .

Now it is possible to maneuver a boat the manner illustrated, but it is an awk-ard, inefficient, tiring endeavor—whether eliberate or not, this is a subtle analogy ith Wilson's leadership.

ea Bright, N.J. W. JACKSON KEELER

he Fall of Us

rofessor Douglas Stewart of Brandeis niversity must not be allowed to get way with his letter to you [April 16] con-erning present-day analogies with the all of Rome. With respect.

Whether or not history repeats itself is relevant to the argument. However, I elieve Sir Lewis Namier was right when e wrote: "Recurrent situations in history eproduce analogous forms; there is a orphology of politics. But to the basic epetition and the individual variations of rganic growth an element is added pecu-ar to man: imitation engendered by his-orical memory."

In this bicentennial of Gibbon, too many istorical memories project recurrent situations and analogous forms on our minds' screens, and it is no wonder that we are obsessed with the Roman analogy.

"It took Rome several centuries to 'fall,' and a 'fall' that is so slow that no one living at the time could notice it would not be called a fall by some people." Thus Professor Stewart lectures us.

I would like the learned professor to consider for a moment the life of an imaginary daughter of a patrician Roman family, a girl I shall call Paulla, who was born in A.D. 400. She was a child of ten when she was raped by Alaric's Goths, saw her family's fortune vanish in the hands of the rapacious soldiery and much of her family perish in "the cruel slaughter made of the Romans."

However, as Professor Stewart writes, human nature is resilient, and chances are that in the forty years of peace that followed Alaric's sack, Paulla was able to contract a comfortable marriage and restore some of the family fortune. She was a matron of 52 when she followed the news of Attila's Huns encamped not far from Rome.

Rome was spared that disaster; the luxurious life went on. In 455, Genseric entered Rome. Paulla was raped again as she watched her grandchildren being slaughtered. "So slow that no one living at the time could notice it . . ." Come off it, Professor.

(Continues on page 575)

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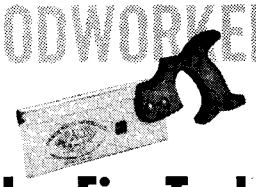

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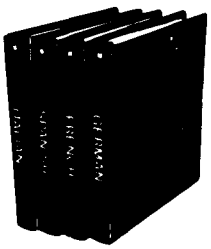

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Watch the dominoes fall—all **Jimmy Carter**'s way. Big Labor is moving toward him, with reports that a private meeting is being set up with AFL-CIO chief **George Meany**. . . . In New Jersey, the head AFL-CIO man, **Charles Marriante**, has endorsed Carter; in Georgia last week, **Julian Bond,** a vociferous Carter critic running as a **Udall** delegate, was trounced by former state AFL-CIO chief **Herb Mabry**, a Carter delegate. . . . And that on-again off-again endorsement by UAW President **Leonard Woodcock** is now expected before the May 18 Michigan primary. . . . **Birch Bayh** was the first big politician to jump aboard the Carter bandwagon, but there are other straws in the wind. . . . New Jersey Congressman **Peter Rodino** of Watergate fame has withdrawn as head of an uncommitted slate of delegates that would have gone to **Humphrey**. . . . Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen** says he will release the six favorite-son delegates he won in the Texas primary. . . . The game now is to win that first-ballot victory, and Carter staffer **Rick Hutcheson** is in charge of that operation. He has a list of 250 uncommitted delegates already elected or chosen in party caucuses and conventions, with personal information about each. Those classified as "leaning toward" Carter or even "possibly not anti-Carter" will get—are getting—personal approaches from campaign manager **Hamilton Jordan** and from Carter himself.

■ "If the race goes down to California," said **Ronald Reagan** campaign manager **John Sears** after Texas but before Georgia-Alabama-Indiana, "we'll be in the driver's seat. The winner of the California primary will be the party's nominee." After G-A-I no one thinks the race won't go to California. . . . **Ford**'s use of the incumbency getting more blatant. When Interior Secretary **Thomas Kleppe** was asked about a federal grant of $1.1 million to Georgia to help acquire land along the Chattahoochee River just four days before the primary, he replied: "If you're asking me if that's political, I hope so. I serve at the pleasure of the President. . . . I hope what I do is helpful to him." (Not helpful enough.)

Gurbutt Rothco

"I don't know the state of the pound today; it depends on the mood of the unions tomorrow."

■ **Vietnam** anniversary notes: *New York Times* story on whereabouts of Indochinese leaders says of former President **Thieu** of South Vietnam: "He lives in a neat, ordinary attached house in Surrey [England]. The small house does not, in its appearance, bear out rumors that Mr. Thieu managed to ship out enough gold before the country's collapse to keep himself and his family in luxury." . . . The first **Khmer Rouge** defector, helicopter pilot Lt. **Pech Lim Kuan,** has told interrogators in Thailand that Prince **Norodom Sihanou** who still lives in the former royal pa ace, will never be permitted to lea the country by its new rulers, wh "consider him Enemy Number One Lt. Kuan says the Communists "ha killed virtually all the rich, the civil se vants, the members of the old [U.S supported] army." . . . A year ago Pres dent **Ne Win** of Burma announced th Communist insurgency in his counti had been put down. An April 29 *Chri tian Science Monitor* story reports th the local Communists "are still capab of mounting armed resistance again the government and also appear to hav picked up formidable support from th new regimes in neighboring Vietnar Laos, and Cambodia."

■ The only Republican on the Hou Education and Labor Committee t join the Democrats in reporting out th high-spending Humphrey-**Hawkins** fu employment bill was Rep. **Peter Peyse** who is running against Sen. **James I Buckley** in the September 14 Ne York senatorial primary. . . . *NR* co tributor **David Brudnoy** has his ow talk show now, five nights a week, 10:0 P.M. to midnight, on station WHDH in Boston; he's also seen nightly o WNAC-TV, Channel 7. . . . *NR* cor tributor **Charles Wiley** ("The Two Face of Fidel Castro," April 30) has won th Republican nomination for Congres from the 15th CD in New Jersey. . . And *NR* contributor Dr. **Timoth Leary** ("TV and the Outlaw Industry, April 16) is out of jail.

■ Fie on the President! cries the **Na tional Livestock and Meat Board**—fo giving pigs a bad name. Hogs hav nothing to do with the presidentiall designated "swine flu," says the Boar huffily, "according to the Center fo Disease Control and the U.S. Depart ment of Agriculture, as well as virolo gists, MDs, and veterinarians."

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THE WEEK

■ Currently making the rounds is a solution to the Panama Canal question—by novelist Louis Auchincloss out of Daniel Patrick Moynihan—that Ford and Reagan might just be able to agree on. Speaking to the American Newspaper Publishers Association in New York, Moynihan said he believes the Canal "belongs to the people who live there," but he was wary about handing it over to the "not very attractive regime in Panama." The solution: the U.S. should make an "evangelical confession" before the UN admitting that "we stole Panama" in 1903 when it was a province of Colombia—and then announce that "we are giving it back to Colombia."

■ Representatives of every Washington newspaper and four television networks were at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington on May 3 to hear John Connally announce the formation of the Citizens for Mediterranean Freedom. Reminding his audience that thirty years ago Americans fought to help restore freedom to the Mediterranean region, Connally said the purpose of the newly formed group was "to demonstrate to the people of the Mediterranean that the people of this country [still] care about their struggle for freedom." NATO's survival, he said, depends on Italy's ability to resist a Communist government. The newsmen must have been unimpressed. Aside from a few radio announcements, the Citizens for Mediterranean Freedom (1511 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20026) received no coverage in the nation's capital.

■ An old China hand has issued a blistering criticism of President Ford for withholding from the American people a letter he sent to Communist China's new prime minister. Walter Judd, a former Minnesota congressman who is chairman of the Committee for a Free China, learned from Radio Peking that within 48 hours after Hua Kuo-feng was named prime minister, Ford had sent him a letter pledging that the U.S. would "complete the normalization of our relations on the basis of the Shanghai Communiqué." The operative word is "complete." Peking has stipulated that the U.S. has to do one thing in order for diplomatic relations to be completed: dump Taiwan. Ford's letter appears to be saying that he's prepared to do so. At Shanghai, and later at meetings with prominent legislators, both Nixon and Kissinger promised that the Shanghai agreement did not jeopardize in any way our relations with Taiwan.

■ The Supreme Court has ruled in favor of a federal court action mandating what might be called affirmative action housing. A lower court, finding evidence of racial gerrymandering in Chicago, ordered that some low-income housing projects be redistributed to include the white suburbs; the high court supports that action. But the new ruling won't affect most suburbs, since it specifies that such housing must remain subject to local zoning laws. Ironically, one of the culprits in the case, which began in 1966, was the Department of Housing and Urban Development—a creation of the Great Society, presided over, back in 1966, by Robert Weaver, America's first black Cabinet officer.

■ Bad news for Hubert Humphrey, Jacob Javits, and other boosters of national planning. Their bright idea has attracted the attention of the Institute for Contemporary Studies, a California think tank that has done something rotten. ICS gathered a dazzling array of scholars (Herbert Stein, Murray Weidenbaum, Svetozar Pejovich, James Buchanan, and Gordon Tullock, to name just a few) and asked them to examine various aspects of centralized national planning. The result is highly informative mincemeat, available for $4.95 plus 50 cents postage from ICS (260 California Street, Suite 811, San Francisco, 94111). A few tidbits: Humphrey and Javits will be interested to know that systematic economic planning came to Germany in 1934—a year after Hitler and his National Socialists came to power. An aberration? All right, Pejovich examines the most planned society in the world: the economically robust Soviet Union. National planning has been dealt a blow.

■ In its issues of April 16 and May 14, *NR* reported and discussed a study of the possibility of a Soviet surprise attack in northern Europe, prepared for the NATO command by Belgian General Robert Close, at present Deputy Director of the NATO Defense College in Rome. General Close concluded that the Soviet Union had the capability for launching a surprise attack, that its forces could not be stopped by the present NATO strategy, and that they would be able to reach the Rhine within two or three days. The German weekly, *Der Spiegel*, recently published an interview with West German General Johannes Steinhoff, former president of NATO's military committee, in which he summarized the thesis of a book he has written that will shortly be published. General Steinhoff's conclusions confirm and reinforce those reached by the Close study. Steinhoff states flatly that the NATO forces would be able to hold out for "only a few days" against a surprise Soviet attack. "NATO is totally incapable of stemming a massive Soviet attack by means of conventional weapons. It would be completely unrealistic to think it possible." He believes that the only present restraint on Moscow is "the risk of a nuclear response," and that because of this risk, Moscow "prefers to use a whole series of less heavy assaults, ranging from political pressure, accompanied by military threats, to limited aggression." Steinhoff adds: "We must give up the macabre idea of a short nuclear war. It is not possible. In fact, nobody knows what would be the consequences of the use of nuclear weapons. We are talking here of a situation that nobody can imagine." Although the Close and Steinhoff analyses have provoked active

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public discussion and debate in the West European nations, no references to them, except *NR*'s, have yet, so far as we are aware, appeared in this country.

■ When Portugal's Communists were throwing their weight around last year, the strongly anti-Communist natives of the Portuguese islands of the Azores and Madeira began to grow restless. Now that the Communists have been domesticated and Portugal has begun to stabilize, the islanders' independence fever has gone down. In order to keep it down, the Lisbon government has approved guidelines that, if approved by the Portuguese parliament, would allow the islands a greater degree of self-government. No provision was made, however, for greater economic freedom—something wanted by many islanders who are reluctant to foot the bill for socialist largesse on the mainland.

■ Among Henry Kissinger's ten points of U.S. policy toward Rhodesia are: "The Salisbury regime must understand that it cannot expect United States support . . . at any stage in its conflict with African states or African liberation movements" and "The United States . . . is ready to help alleviate economic hardship for any countries neighboring Rhodesia which decide to enforce sanctions by closing their frontiers." Rhodesia's immediate neighbors include the new People's Republic of Mozambique, which is launching armed terrorist attacks across *its* frontier, and Zambia, whose President Kaunda said last month that black Rhodesians must "see that the roads are damaged, that sand is put into engines and matches and phosphorus put into the noses of cattle."

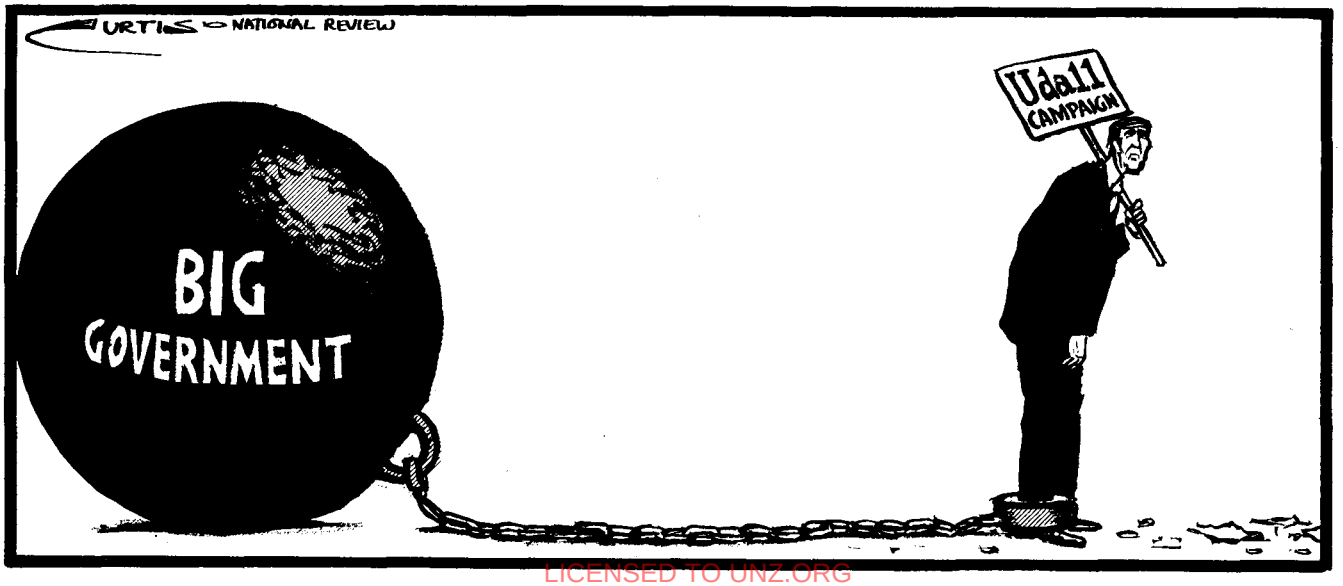
■ Wanted by the people's government of Hanoi: a little capitalist-roader know-how. Vietnam has invited several American oil companies to submit proposals for the resumption of their offshore oil exploration in the South China Sea, begun under an agreement with the former government of South Vietnam and rendered null and void by the fall of Saigon last year. Although there is a U.S. trade embargo on Vietnam, and President Ford refuses to recognize Vietnam, oil executives say that the message to them from Hanoi is: "Delighted to have you."

■ There are few safe predictions about the June 20 Italian elections, except that the 39th postwar government will not be much longer-lived than its recent predecessors. The Communists almost caught up to the Christian Democrats in last year's regional elections, but it's one thing where the main issues are labor problems and public services, another where foreign policy comes into it. Even those who believe the Communists are honest democrats have trouble arguing that a Communist government could be permitted in NATO, the anti-Communist alliance. What the Italian CP wants is inclusion in a broad coalition. It would gain power and an aura of respectability without taking full blame if things keep going wrong. The memory of Allende is green, and the Communists would prefer to rise slowly, like a soufflé, consolidating their position as they go. Thus perhaps the worst thing the Christian Democrats could do to the Communists, should the vote be close, is refuse to enter a coalition and make *them* govern. Except that that would also be the worst thing they could do to Italy.

■ *NR*'s humble entry in the Nobel Prize sweepstakes of 1976: Why don't South Africa and Rhodesia solemnly pledge that they will submit to plebiscitary democracy just as soon as the other African nations do?

■ Another advance in the liberal arts has been recorded at the University of Iowa, which now offers, for credit, an eight-week course in Frisbee.

■ THE WILLS WATCH: Garry has got himself a new hobbyhorse. First it was the Berrigans. Then, of course, Watergate. Now, after a brief flirtation with the whale, it's the CIA. He calls it "the largest crime syndicate in our history . . . a supermafia funded by untraceable raids on the U.S. Treasury, one that teaches men to murder and cheat systematically. . . . It is hard to imagine any



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crime, public or private, it has not committed, and on a scale brand-new to history." We're putting our money on Garry for this year's Gus Hall Award for Polemical Hyperbole.

■ You can forget at least some of those crazy rumors you've been hearing about sexual hanky-panky at Wellesley College. Naked boys running around in the halls of coed dorms? Ridiculous, snorts a student of the female gender: "The only time I've ever seen a naked man is in the privacy of my own room."

Reagan in Stride

I. Revolution in Both Parties

A recent article in NATIONAL REVIEW argued that both major parties would have to change fundamentally or risk irrelevance (Jeffrey Hart, "Earthquake Time in America," March 5). The principal point the article made was that the regnant Establishments in both parties had failed to accommodate ongoing demographic and economic changes in America and had also defaulted on the various aspects of the social issue.

The anticipated earthquake has now struck both Establishments. Its avatars, Carter and Reagan, arrive at the gates as outsiders. Both, significantly enough, represent the South-Southwestern Sun Belt or Rimland that is in the present period the most dynamic section of the country.

In the Democratic Party the rout of the Establishment has occurred with a suddenness surprising even to Mr. Carter himself. Birch and Mo, Scoop and Old Hubert all collapsed like so many spent balloons. Six months ago, who would have predicted that the 1976 Democratic nominee would come from Plains, Georgia, and that he would oppose forced busing and abortion, favor increased defense spending, criticize detente as a one-way street, oppose special federal aid to New York City, insist that the U.S. retain "practical control" over the Panama Canal, and present himself to the electorate as conspicuously Christian. As in every upheaval, the reaction of the defeated Establishment has been marked by farce. James Reston continues to call Carter "Wee Jimmy." Old Hubert proclaims that he is ready to "educate" Carter. Birch Bayh, on the eve of the Indiana primary, endorses Carter with the explanation that he is doing so "early" in order not to appear to be jumping on a bandwagon. (Carter got 68 per cent of the vote in Indiana.)

Because the Republicans now control the White House, the revolution in that party initially faced greater resistance. But May 4 was Bastille Day for the Republicans, as Reagan, rolling on from his Texas sweep, scored victories in Georgia, Alabama, and Indiana.

For years the pundits have been telling us that because the Republicans are a minority party, their national nominee must appeal to Democrats and independents in order to prevail—i.e., must appeal, as they see it, to swing liberal voters. Now that Reagan has been attracting thousands of Democrats and independents—but conservative ones—it is being suggested that his triumphs are therefore somehow tainted. On the contrary: Reagan, after a tentative start, has launched the kind of revolution within the Republican Party that has clearly been necessary if the Republicans are to have any long-range future at all.

The validity of both revolutions may be suggested by their historical antecedents. In the middle of the nineteenth century, the newer states of the West gave birth to a Republican insurgency against the planter slaveocracy and the Northeastern Establishment. The Gilded Age saw a Southern and Western rebellion, initiated by Bryan and carried on by Wilson, against the capitalist oligarchy. Today, both Republican and Democratic Establishments offer themselves to the nation as custodians of the policies and institutions of the Great Society, and the message from the nation is "no sale." Once again, initiated by Wallace, and carried on more respectably by Carter and Reagan, the popular protest thunders against the Northeastern Establishment from the outsider South and West.

As far as 1976 is concerned, the shape of coming events is difficult to foresee. Carter, conceivably, could be captured and domesticated by the Democratic liberal Establishment, temporarily stalling change in that party. His insurgency could lose its character and meaning. As a result of the Ford-Reagan fight, the Republicans could approach the election in a shambles. This would imply a period of party renovation looking toward recovery in 1980; or even a split. Carter, it is far from inconceivable, could remake the Democrats into a national party responsive to the majority once again, and run against a Ford carrying the can of Great Society programs and a bankrupt foreign policy. It is interesting that Carter himself says that he would be a "watershed" President. Or, again, Reagan could seize the nomination and outflank Carter as the candidate of post-liberal populism and nationalism. Whatever the final outcome, however, the inevitable revolution is now under way in both major parties.

II. Canal Fever

The Panama Canal Zone is "sovereign U.S. territory, every bit the same as Alaska and all the states that were carved from the Louisiana Purchase. . . . We bought it, we built it, we intend to keep it." With these words Ronald Reagan stunned the Ford campaign, which hadn't expected Panama to be on the campaign agenda. Ford's fiery counterattack ("The United States will never give up its defense rights to the Panama Canal Zone and will never give up its operational rights as far as Panama is concerned") had to be clarified by his press secretary, who said the President's remarks lacked "precision and

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detail"—they didn't conform to Administration policy. In a few days, Ford, with the help of his staff, began to make his way back to the position Reagan attacked. It would be "absolutely irresponsible," Ford said, to terminate the negotiations; all Latin America would be turned against us. (Who said there are no retakes in the White House?)

Is Reagan right? Who owns the Canal? According to the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty, which the U.S. negotiated with Panama in 1903, the U.S. has the use and control of the Canal Zone forever. But while there is no doubt the U.S. has legal sovereignty over the Canal Zone, neither is there doubt about Panama's "titular sovereignty." The Canal Zone is not, as Governor Reagan mistakenly said it is, every bit the same as Alaska and the states carved from the Louisiana Purchase. Persons born of non-U.S. parents in Panama are not U.S. citizens.

Reagan's history was wrong, and Ford should have pounced on the error, seizing a golden opportunity to act presidential, to instruct his upstart challenger on the intricacies of international law. Had he done so, Ford could have distracted attention from Reagan's major point, about which he was completely correct. The U.S. should be exceedingly cautious about surrendering any of its Canal rights to a tinhorn dictator whose idea of a statesman is Fidel Castro. Ford's inept handling of the controversy undoubtedly contributed to his recent primary setbacks, but he can still salvage something from the brouhaha: the assurance that if he should ever decide to stand up to people like Torrijos, a substantial number of the American people would stand with him.

III. Weapons Demagogy?

Ronald Reagan has been taking a great deal of heat from the media and from Administration spokesmen for his repeated assertion that the Soviet Union is in the process of establishing military superiority over the U.S. Reagan (so the replies go) is naïve, does not know anything about the subject, is demagogic, is only an "actor," and so forth.

But Reagan's argument here is fully supported by the pertinent statistics and by such non-actors as James Schlesinger, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, the editors of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, and other specialists. The trend of U.S. military strength vis-a-vis the Soviets has been steadily downward. Responsible officials have testified that the ability of the U.S. Navy to carry out its mission in the eastern Mediterranean is now, for the first time since 1945, a question mark. In a recent book, *New York Times* military analyst Drew Middleton concludes, after a careful analysis, that the U.S. and its NATO allies would *lose* a conventional war in Europe. It is therefore about time for Reagan's critics to drop the nonsense about his lack of information.

The *political* content of Reagan's argument, moreover, goes beyond statistics. When Reagan talks about U.S. military decline, as when he talks about the Panama Canal, he is also talking about U.S. political will, about effective strength. Without political will, a navy twice the size would be merely a lot of metal. At that level of the argument, of course, the issue becomes one of national leadership.

Majority Rule

Angola's got it; Guinea, too.
Uganda's run by you-know-who.
In Togo, Gambia, and Chad,
Majorities are all the fad;
And, from Benin to Mozambique,
Minorities are up the creek—
A fact of life which Ian Smith
Finds difficult adjusting with.

W. H. von Dreele

Is Intelligence Necessary?

The 341-page final report of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Activities ("the Church committee") is a more serious document than seemed likely from the committee's public antics during its 15 months of existence. There has never before been a major public investigation of either the FBI or the CIA. They have been immune from scrutiny for too long.

The report is entitled "Intelligence Activities and the Rights of Americans" and it presents abundant proof that these rights have been infringed, without justification, in a multitude of cases. On the record, the FBI has been a more blatant infringer, with less semblance of plausible excuse, than the CIA. But there has been plenty of improper and often illegal hanky-panky by both, along with the Internal Revenue Service and the Post Office. The final and not infrequently the direct responsibility for the improprieties, the report shows, traces back to the Chief Executive: to every President from Franklin Roosevelt on in the case of the FBI and the IRS; in the case of the CIA, to every President since Truman, in whose Administration the CIA was born. On the whole, Senator Church must have been unhappy to discover, Richard Nixon's abuses in these matters seem to have been rather less in both number and degree than those of his predecessors.

The deliberate harassment by the FBI of individual citizens against whom no proof or even presumption of crime or disloyalty existed, the mass inspection of private letters, the infiltration and provocation tactics against some legitimate and entirely above-ground organizations, the presidential efforts to punish political opponents by sicking the IRS on their tax returns, the CIA's casual slipping of LSD into drinks of unsuspecting casual

(*Continues on page 543*)

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Bernard Levin Defends Solzhenitsyn

Mr. Bernard Levin of London answers the critics of Solzhenitsyn. The program under discussion has been shown twice in recent weeks under the sponsorship of Firing Line, *over the PBS network.* —*Ed.*

IT WAS NOT necessary to borrow the crystal ball of Madame Zaza, the celebrated clairvoyant, to predict the public reaction in Great Britain to the appearance on *Panorama* of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Indeed, I predicted it with the utmost exactitude myself, and the only thing I know about tea-leaves is my mother's conviction (perfectly correct, for all I can say) that they are good for cleaning carpets with. "What do we do with such men?" I asked, and I answered my own question thus:

> *We turn away in embarrassment—an embarrassment that rises to act as a protection against the pain of admitting both that he is right in his analysis of evil, and that his very existence is a reproach to our society, embedded as it is in the granite of his faith.*

As a description of the whinnying, sniggering, piddling response by the very people whose like have made Solzhenitsyn's indictment of wickedness and folly so urgent, necessary, and unanswerable, I cannot better that even with hindsight. (The response was epitomized, as you would expect, by the tittering editor of the tottering *New Statesman*, whose only contribution was to complain that he had not been invited to meet Solzhenitsyn, and to rebuke the Russian colossus for this act of impiety by sneering at him as "Spengler Mark 2." Depend upon it, we shall yet see the *New Statesman* carry an article by Mr. Dev Murarka explaining that Dr. Sakharov is much overrated as a scientist.)

The note that has run through so much of the public comment on Solzhenitsyn's philippic has been one of fear. The phenomenon is entirely understandable; the spiritually weak always fear the spiritually strong, as the foolish fear the wise, the petty the great, the timid the brave, the small the big, the trivial the significant. Since Solzhenitsyn is strong, wise, great, brave, huge, significant, and right, Lilliput's fear of Gulliver is thus many-faceted and therefore the more intense. And fear, in these circumstances, takes the form of nervous laughter, as is demonstrated twice nightly in a different context at any cinema showing *Jaws*. The reason for the fear in the case of a man like Solzhenitsyn is that even as he speaks of external dangers he forces his hearers to look within themselves for the ultimate causes of those dangers, and since that truth is unbearable (like, alas, most truth), the only defense available is the belittlement of the accuser.

Fortunately, I have good reason to know that Solzhenitsyn also touched another nerve altogether. The exceptional number of letters I have been receiving since I wrote about him, and the strangers who have been approaching me in public, in greater numbers than I have previously known, have all had the same purpose in mind, which has been to tell me that they understand what he is saying, which is that men who do not value freedom, and who divorce it from morality, will not long possess it.

It cannot, I think, be healthy for a society to be flawed by a massive gulf between what is felt by those who do not have to offer any public comment and those who are professionally obliged to say something and who, having nothing of their own to say, rummage through the tired fashions of our tired time to find some pat, pert comment with which to sustain in themselves the fading illusion that they are still alive. Yet that is what has just happened in the case of the Solzhenitsyn interview. To find anything comparable to the effect his words and personality have had on those who saw the program it is necessary to go back to some of the early Churchill broadcasts, and the parallel is also apt in the breadth of the effect. Now Churchill, after all, was talking to a nation at war, which already had one mind, one will, and one purpose: what he was doing was to articulate that unity, to reflect it back to those who already felt themselves part of it. What I sense most strongly in the private response to Solzhenitsyn is precisely that: not a feeling that he was offering revelations or suggesting previously unconsidered ways of thought, but that he was opening the sluices of the dam that had for so long held back the lifegiving, rounded, human response to the truth—the truth being that there is a difference between right and wrong.

It is, of course, that response that has for so long been stifled by the bloodless *fainéants* who occupy so large a number of the tin thrones of public comment. They are the beavers who have built the dam across the feelings of people better than themselves, until they have made feeling itself suspect. I have lost count of the number of times that some cringing idiot in charge of a television or radio discussion in which I have expressed myself passionately on such matters as liberty and tyranny has deflected the embarrassment he feels—though I have yet to find the audience sharing the embarrassment—by saying, with that special mirthless laugh they have, "Well, well, Bernard certainly seems to feel strongly on the subject." And the giggling with which the beavers have greeted Solzhenitsyn's appearance indicates that they are uneasily aware of the sound of the dam cracking.

Wherever I have gone in the past fortnight I have found the human feelings of human people pouring through. Everywhere, people of all sorts and conditions have been speaking of the effect Solzhenitsyn had on them, and adding that wherever *they* have gone they have found the same reaction among others. I have never

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known so many people to speak of finding tears in their eyes as part of their response to the words and personality of a single individual who was, after all, doing nothing more dramatic than answer an interviewer's questions. And remember that because of the conditions of secrecy in which the interview was filmed, there was no publicity until the last minute (the *Radio Times*, for instance, had only a general note about *Panorama*, with no hint of what the content of this particular edition was to be).

Of course, it is perfectly possible for a reasonable man to disagree either with Solzhenitsyn's analysis of the world's condition or with the conclusion he draws from that analysis. There was, for instance, a massive and dignified reply to Solzhenitsyn in *The Observer* by Mr. Edward Crankshaw. But Mr. Crankshaw has earned the right to disagree with a man who speaks from such experience by his own unswerving dedication to the ideals of freedom by which Solzhenitsyn lives, his relentless denunciation of the denial of those ideals by those at whose hands Solzhenitsyn suffered, and the breadth of understanding and knowledge that he brings to his dissent. It is quite another matter when we who have just seen the greatest man now alive, and have found ourselves responding to him immediately and without equivocation, on the level at which he was addressing us, then find our mood so ludicrously misjudged, and the measure of the man so signally missed, by most of those who have, so to speak, accidentally been entrusted with the task of speaking for us.

But the people know better. When ever before did *The Listener* (it carried a substantial chunk of the interview) have to be reprinted to meet public demand? When did *Panorama* serve as such a focus for the feelings of millions and such a trigger for their release? When, if it comes to that, did a single man, commanding no armies and disposing of no votes, last compel the world to listen to him, to take him seriously, and to wrestle with the dark angel he has raised among them—an effect achieved by nothing other than the force of his character and the iron strength of his moral purpose?

Never, I think. And what is so heartening is that, clear and bell-like above all the febrile jeers and the expressions of incomprehension, has come the people's voice. I wrote my own column about Solzhenitsyn's interview, and my meeting with him, on the day the program was shown, before I had had any opportunity to gauge the reaction of others. Yet it is already clear that I was speaking for a vast army in the words with which I concluded, and which I find even more apposite for my conclusion today: "Aleksandr Isayevich, do not despair just yet. We understand."

(*Continued from page 541*)

acquaintances, and the clumsily amateur assassination projects make up a pretty dismal roster—as much, perhaps, for their stupidity and ineffectiveness as for their immorality and illegality.

However, a balanced estimate will keep in mind that a) the report is focused on what the committee held to be invasions of citizens' rights, so that their weight in the report is swollen far out of proportion to the totality of intelligence activities over the decades under consideration (even the just man, as St. Paul reminds us, sins seven times daily), and b) it is not self-evident that all of the operations condemned by the committee are unjustified.

A counterintelligence officer, for example, does not know that a certain individual, Mr. X, is an enemy spy or a terrorist when he *begins* an investigation; if he did, there would be no need to investigate. Because of his initial ignorance, he may have to check dozens, even hundreds, of individuals before he locates Mr. X. Undoubtedly that means there will be an invasion, to some degree, of the privacy of the innocent individuals. There is no way out of this difficulty except by abandoning the attempt to uncover and deter hostile spies and terrorists.

Fortunately, the Church committee managed to calm its crusading ardor sufficiently to face the fact that we live in a world where at least some types of covert operations are indispensable in dealing with the hostile forces presently directed against us. The committee apparently did not, however, comprehend the necessary conditions for conducting successful covert operations, beginning with rule Number One: A covert operation must be covert. The committee's proposals for notification, authorization, and control of each and every covert action by both the President and Congress would guarantee it could not remain covert very long.

The Budget, One Year Later

It now seems like a dream of long ago. But it was just a year ago that Washington was congratulating itself on the new congressional budget procedures, which would at last mean that Congress would force itself to be responsible. We need no longer fear runaway government spending, went the story, because Congress was going to set budget ceilings and by gosh stick to them.

The whole tone of the reform was to hold down spending. But after President Ford sent up his proposed budget for fiscal 1977, weighing in at $395.8 billion, all the talk from the congressional budget committees was about the irresponsibility of the Ford budget in failing to stimulate the economy and expand employment. The Senate has agreed upon a budget target of $412.6 billion; the House, a budget target of $415.4 billion.

In the light of the recent Harris public-opinion survey, indicating that the two highest priorities of the next President should be keeping inflation under control (94 per cent) and controlling federal spending (88 per cent), it would appear the Congress holds either public-opinion surveys or the public in low esteem.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

White House aides, profoundly depressed by the debacle in Texas, are busily assigning blame for Ford's unpredictably bad showing. Much of the problem, they believe, continues to center in the beleaguered White House writing department, the uninspired products of which Ford plods through with wooden awkwardness, losing listeners as he goes. In desperation, Ford decided to make question and answer sessions the centerpieces of his Texas appearances, a high-risk practice which in several instances backfired badly. Ford, say aides, is not the best-briefed President of recent years, and often tends to answer questions without facts in hand—as he did, for instance, in response to questions about Panama Canal negotiations and about our attitudes toward Hanoi, thereby handing Reagan extremely effective pieces of campaign ammunition. "You're going to see another purge of White House writers before Ford gets to California," says a Ford staffer. "The only problem is, there don't seem to be any Republican writers left."

■ Also being blamed for what is now being called "Ford's Alamo" are Frank Zarb and Henry Kissinger. Zarb, the Nixon holdover who heads the Federal Energy Administration, persuaded Ford, over strong objections from political advisors, to sign the controversial Energy Act, an action which cost Ford the early support of Texas oilmen and the endorsement of John Connally. And Kissinger's trip to Africa, Ford staffers believe, also hurt badly. "Incredible timing," says one White House aide. "Primaries coming up in Texas, Georgia, Alabama—all places where sympathy for Rhodesia and South Africa runs deep—and there's Kissinger seeming to say we're going to support the people who intend to bring on a bloodbath."

■ Another name is also being mentioned with great circumspection as a liability in the Southern and Southwestern primaries—Betty Ford. Mrs. Ford, says one White House staffer, is very popular in Washington and in the Northeast generally. But in the Sun Belt and the Bible Belt, she's just not admired. In Arizona, he points out, where Republicans caucused shortly after a widely publicized visit by the First Lady, Reagan wiped Ford out, 25 delegates to Ford's two. "I won't say that Mrs. Ford deserves much blame," says the staffer, "but an awful lot of Arizonans believe she had something to do with it. Her views on abortion and premarital affairs are well known. And they're not popular with religious Southern and Southwestern Republicans."

■ Old Washington hands were shell-shocked by Hubert Humphrey's decision not to take Jimmy Carter on in New Jersey, thus ensuring, in the opinion of most Democratic regulars, a first-ballot Carter victory. Those who know Humphrey find the reasons for his refusal unconvincing. The money would have come pouring in the moment he gave the go-ahead, they point out, and the Rodino people in New Jersey would have provided Humphrey with a ready-made organization. Some Humphrey backers believe the demonstrated inability of big labor to deliver votes in Pennsylvania dissuaded Humphrey. Other long-time friends, however, believe that Humphrey and his family are deeply concerned over the condition of his health. Although his bladder tumors are benign, they point out, it's still a borderline cancer condition, and Humphrey harbors doubts about his ability to serve out a full term in continued good health.

■ In what one Democratic politician calls "the ultimate anti-Carter move," the stop-Carter forces, now clearly desperate, are making advances to California's Governor Edmund Brown. Brown, eligible to run in the Maryland, Nevada, and California primaries, is currently campaigning full time in Maryland, where he has the support of Governor Marvin Mandel, a former Jackson backer. A year ago the endorsement of Mandel, a power among Democratic governors, would have carried weight. But today its impact is minimal. Reason: Mandel is now under indictment on more than twenty charges of misuse of his office for financial gain.

■ Best Political Crack of the Week Award goes to Jimmy Carter. Said Southerner Carter, on winning the Pennsylvania primary: "We finally won at Gettysburg."

—CATO

But Congress seems to think it can get around this dilemma by employing economists who are willing to say just about anything to stay on the job. Thus, we are told by the Senate that an extra $16.8 billion in federal spending can be achieved without increasing Mr. Ford's projected deficit by very much, a mere $600 million. And the extra spending will mean less inflation.

The masterminds behind this rationale don't tell us how they arrived at their projections on income, employment, inflation, and tax receipts. They only make assertions. But it is clear that they have abandoned their previous Phillips Curve theory, which posits a tradeoff between employment and inflation, in order that they may make their incredible assertions. The Joint Economic Committee, for example, argues that the Ford budget would produce a 7.9 per cent unemployment rate and a 6.3 per cent inflation rate, and that the higher spending level would yield a 6 per cent unemployment rate and a 4 per cent inflation rate.

All this is supposed to happen through the Keynesian multiplier. If the government borrows $1 from someone who has $1 to lend, and spends it on purchases or transfers, that $1 will be spent several times in the course of a year, producing jobs and both increasing revenues and lowering outlays for welfare and unemployment benefits. By our reckoning, when the government does not borrow the $1 or the $16.8 billion, the money will be spent by those who still have it or loaned to those who will spend it. The only thing the government does, as an intermediary, is ensure that the money will be spent less efficiently.

The congressional economists who rationalize this political sleight-of-hand at least have the honesty to concede that government borrowing "crowds out" private borrowers. "The stimulating effects of this higher spending option," says the Congressional Budget Office, "would be greater if the Federal Reserve took steps to offset the tendency of the policy to raise interest rates." Alas, what

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"If Ever One Man... Could Jolt Us Out of Our Nice Cozy Life,

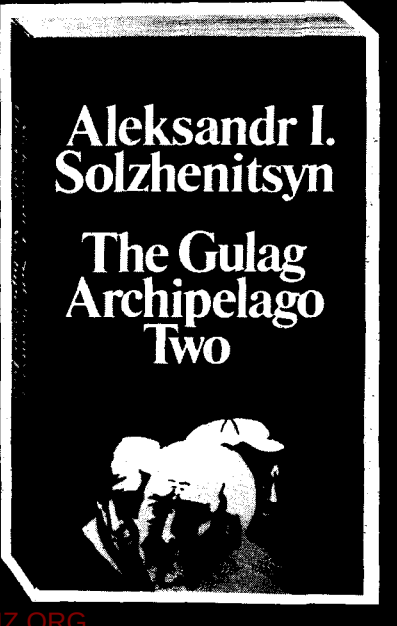
Here He Is!"

"I am not a critic of the West. I am a critic of the weakness of the West."

"We all thought that . . . the West would help us to rise from slavery. Gradually . . . this faith began to waver and to fade."

". . . nowadays in the Western press we read a candid declaration of the principle that moral considerations have nothing to do with politics."

"At the moment the question is not how the Soviet Union will find a way out of totalitarianism, but *how the West will be able to avoid the same fate.*"



That's what the London *Daily Mail's* Correspondent, Lynda Lee-Potter, said about the now famous BBC interview with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. And Bill Buckley thought so much of what this extraordinary man said that he presented this stunning interview to American audiences on his own FIRING LINE TV show.

Because Solzhenitsyn is so important (Malcolm Muggeridge calls him "the greatest man now alive in the world") and because what he says is of the utmost significance to *every* American, we have obtained another shipment of his sensational book, Gulag Archipelago II. And once again we are going to give a copy of this book (an anti-Communist bombshell if there ever was one) *free,* along with your new or renewal subscription to *National Review!*

This is a special offer you won't want to miss. To repeat: we'll send you a *free and postpaid* copy of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's Gulag II if you will use the card opposite this page to subscribe to *National Review* now for a full year (or extend your present subscription, no matter when it's due to expire). You pay no more than the current rate of $17.50 for a full year of NR and get this monumental book (retail price $2.50) mailed to you *absolutely free of charge!*

And what a book this is! Even *Time* says that this one "may well be Solzhenitsyn's most stunning achievement to date." It's filled with incredible details about life in the slave camps that would defy description *except* by one of the world's greatest writers (speaking from first-hand experience!). And it's so powerfully written you feel you're right there, seeing with your own eyes this hell-on-earth the Soviets have created.

The Gulag Archipelago II (fully indexed and containing a valuable glossary of Russian names and institutions) is one of those rare books that belong on the bookshelf of every concerned American. Remember, you can get *your* free copy by just filling in the handy card facing this page and sending it to us right now.

Don't Miss This Opportunity

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the CBO implies is that the Fed should print more money.

Now almost everyone who is not an economist will tell you that if you print more money a rise in the general price level ensues, i.e., inflation. But the congressional economists presumably have equations to prove that no such thing occurs, that marvelously beneficial things happen to the economy when the government is allowed to confiscate privately produced goods and services with freshly minted cash.

Happily, President Ford seems to have tentatively rejected the advice of those of his counselors who urged him to accept the congressional wisdom and spending targets, on the grounds that the American people really want more inflation and government spending even though they tell Mr. Harris the opposite. Mr. Ford vows to stick to his budget, veto congressional excesses, and insist on the tax reductions that Congress has spurned. The President will not have the congressional economists on his side, except perhaps in the secrecy of the voting booths.

Peace, Communist Style

We cut off arms aid to Cambodia last year in the interests of "stopping the killing." Since the Communists seized power in that country shortly thereafter—April 17, 1975—they have murdered more than half a million Cambodians, according to *Time* magazine; France's center-left *Le Monde* puts the figure at 800,000. The Khmer Rouge have slaughtered whole families and entire villages; buried their victims, bound together like fasces, with bulldozers; clubbed them to death to "save ammunition"; suffocated them by tying plastic bags over their heads. Although the killings have been widespread and carried out at random among enemies of Communism, Cambodia watchers believe that the Khmer Rouge are now concentrating on liquidating the former bourgeoisie and especially people with an education: "Right from the fifth grade level on up," says one source. "They're wiping out an entire class."

More than one-tenth of the Cambodian population has been thus liquidated. Patrick J. Buchanan has pointed out that "For every American soldier killed in ten years of war in Southeast Asia, ten Cambodians perished in the first year of peace." What has been the response to this butchery? The *Wall Street Journal* quotes a professor "from an Eastern college" as saying that the Communists are killing people in 1976 because the United States bombed Cambodia in 1970. There have been no morally anguished screams from the people who were outraged last fall by Franco's execution of five terrorist murderers. And the Cambodian People's Representative Assembly which last month approved the new government—intended to consolidate, by imposing a Soviet-style apparatus, the Great Leap Forward of the past year—praised the government that resigned on April 7 for having "completed its mission with great success."

Egg-on-Face? My Ho!

The Left has been wrong so often on so much that new proofs become boring. However, its strident insistence that the Vietnam struggle was a "civil war" has been so gorgeously refuted by publication of the memoirs of General Van Tien Dung—North Vietnam's Chief of Staff and the architect of the Fall of Saigon last year—that this most recent example of egg-on-face cannot be ignored.

General Dung, one year after Total Victory, makes no attempt to sustain the Communists' longstanding lie that what Hanoi called the National Liberation Front and the Americans the Vietcong was a separate movement spontaneously generated by South Vietnamese patriots seeking to rescue their country from the capitalist round-eyes. Rather, Dung claims that Hanoi's decision at the beginning of 1975 to launch a military attack against the Central Highlands was made after consultations in the capital with senior Communist officials in South Vietnam, one of them the fourth-ranking member of the Hanoi Politburo and another the southern military commander for the North. After the Paris Peace Agreement of 1973 grounded the American bombers, Hanoi sent 30,000 North Vietnamese "shock troops" (many of them female) into South Vietnam, where they constructed a 12,000-mile network of roads to replace the Ho Chi Minh trail. These spontaneous native revolutionaries labored to liberate their nation through social revolution at the direction of Hanoi's Politburo and Central Military Party Committee, working out of something called "Dragon House" in the North Vietnamese capital.

So much, then, for those critics of American military involvement in Vietnam who contended that a civil war was none of our bloody business. It is now clear that the Vietnam War was precisely what the White House, the State Department, and the Pentagon said it was: a clash between two legally constituted states, one of which was attempting to overrun the other while disguising its attempts to do so by fielding bogus revolutionaries on its enemy's turf.

Let the Good Times Roll

Open up the sour mash:
We'uns gonna have a bash!
Beat the biscuits; slice the hams;
Bread the crabs and fry the clams;
Crush the mint and pour the booze—
Everybody, spread the news:
Reagan's giving Ford the biz!
Glory be, how sweet it is.

W. H. von Dreele

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"If we liberals hope to capture the nomination, we've got to find a way to attract the lunch-pail vote."

Simon Gets His

The "roast" is an American rite in which an illustrious guest is elaborately insulted by his best friends, who thereupon require their victim to rise from his disgrace and fling back the insults with redoubled venom and superior marksmanship, in victorious vengeance. The Gridiron Club in Washington has been doing that sort of thing for decades, as has the Circus Saints and Sinners of New York City.

The newest established roasting party is the annual dinner of the Washington, D.C. chapter of Young Americans for Freedom. Last year they did a trial run on M. Stanton Evans, the beloved sage of D Street who has raised hack journalism to the level of a pseudoscience. Stan's rebuttal, in which he managed a forthright defense of hamburgers and found weirdo pinko commie creeps under every stone, has gone down, and down, as a classic of American oratory.

This year a major functionary of the Ford Administration, William E. Simon, was lured to destruction by the promise of a free meal, a souvenir copy of the menu, and equal time for rebuttal. The Honorable Henry Hyde of Ohio laid the invocation on the several hundred eminent Washingtonians in attendance. Steve Some, dinner chairman, introduced two zanies, Frank Donatelli and Roger Stone, who botched up the rest of the evening, attempting to introduce those who needed no introduction, such as Senator Tower, who wasn't there. The Honorable Frank Zarb, Federal Energy Czar, was the first of what seemed like a dozen speakers but was only about twelve and a half. Zarb complained about his ghostwriter but bull-dogged the thing through and sat down gratefully, with about as much energy as your average run-of-the-mill Czar.

Arthur Burns of the Federal Reserve Board has a pretty good ghostwriter but the best part was when Art finished his sight-reading exercise and walked off the dais. Standing there at the edge, waving his hands in the air like Hubert Humphrey, he cried out, "I have to go home now and work on my testimony before Congress tomorrow!" We had no idea he was such an important guy. For such an important guy to be such a nice guy is just proof that Art is a real fine fellow, and we all gave him a resounding hand as he dashed off into the night, trailing little bits of pipe tobacco and M1 behind him.

The Reverend Henry Hyde was next. And then there was William Seidman, Alan Greenspan, Senator Jesse Helms (who ghosts his own stuff, in the old Carolina moonshine tradition), Herbert Stein, the Honorable Philip Crane (looking just smashing in a Brooks Brothers pinstripe, with waistcoat, the very same disguise that won him the nomination in '68), and last but not screwiest, Ralph Bennett of the Washington Office of the *Reader's Digest*.

As if that weren't enough muscle to start a revolution, the audience included the Honorable Steve Symms, the Honorable M. Stanton Evans, the Honorable John Buckley (cousin of Chico), the Honorable Tom Winter (publisher of *Human Events* and one helluva generous editor and friend of the author, and how about raising the ante next time?), the Honorable Kieran O'Doherty (who really *earns* it), the Honorable Vincent de Cain, the Honorable Lea Meyers, the Honorable Bill Schultz (of *American Mercury*, *Liberty*, *True*, and *Reader's Digest*), the Honorable Dawne Cina, the Honorable Connie Moran who organized the entire catastrophe, the Honorable Anita Gordon who shudda known better, the Honorable Festus Jenkins who spilled coffee on Charlie Buckminster. . . .

Let's face it, the most fun these days is with the gang of desperadoes in Washington. Next year they're going to roast, well, it's supposed to be a secret, but everyone knows it's going to be one of the following: Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, William A. Rusher, Snoopy. Good luck, lambs.

—WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Last week I was shaving and listening to the news over Radio Station WINS ("Give us 22 minutes and we'll give you the world"). Protagonists in the political race for different offices were being given 15-second biographies, and Mr. Ramsey Clark's name came up and the newscaster wound up the brief career by saying ". . . and during the late Eastern war Mr. Clark visited our American soldiers in Vietnam. . ." and that was when I nicked my ear.

We must acknowledge in all fairness that radio time

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is an expensive commodity inasmuch as that is all they have to sell. But the saving of time accomplished by saying "Vietnam" instead of "North Vietnam" is really so small it defies computation. Something similar occurred last year when Captain Jeremiah Denton, a returning POW from Vietnam, made a brief statement on the plane ramp, opening with his thanks and closing with an emotional "God bless America." On the Walter Cronkite news that evening, we heard the brief speech—all but the second sentence, which Mr. Cronkite had snipped out, and in which Captain Denton thanked "our Commander-in-Chief" and the American people. That snip denied that sentence to the country's largest TV audience, but it did save three seconds and, as I say, we must all be fair.

Cordially,
Saul Glemby
New York, New York

■ Dear Bill:

As a Democrat and a one-time expert with an Army .45, I was delighted with John Greenway's advice ["Notes & Asides," April 2] that this is the ideal weapon to keep in the bedroom to eliminate, *inter alios*, Democrats. (That is, unless one is prepared either to use it as a club or to throw it at the rogue.)

The .45's kick is such that—unless one is prepared to spend several hours a day on the range instead of the tennis court—a normal "Oppressor of Anthropology," aiming at a rascally Democrat, would blow a hole in the ceiling. Most Democrats I know rely on cocker spaniels for defense against Republicans.

Ciao,
John P. Roche
The Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy
Medford, Massachusetts

Let's Do It

Kids wear them; cranks wear them;
Even Patty, robbing banks, wears them;
Let's wear them—let's all wear jeans.

In London, Laborite bores wear them;
In Manhattan, all the better whores wear them;
Let's wear them—let's all wear jeans.

In darkest Africa, blacks wear them,
  When they're blowing a fuse;
CBS hacks wear them,
  On the six o'clock news.

In Texas, some of the Fords wore them;
Wearing denim didn't bring rewards for them;
Let's wear them—let's all wear jeans.

W. H. von Dreele

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re-reading *NR* of February 6, 1976, I was taken b the observation of Mr. Robert M. Gorman, in the "Note & Asides" section, concerning conservatism's being godly movement. What a difference reading Ecclesiaste 10:2 (New English Bible)—"The mind of the wise ma faces right, etc. . . ."—and reading from the Catholi Challoner-Douay text—"The heart of a wise man is i his right hand, and the heart of a fool is in his left hand." How would you reconcile the two, if that is possible

Auburn J. Lam
Silver Spring, Marylan

■ Dear Sir:

Please read:

1) your piece on Chambers from *The Jeweler's Eye*

2) Stewart Alsop's article on the Congo from th *Saturday Evening Post*; then,

3) tell me why the Russians wanted the UN Secre tary General to be a troika.

Anon

Because they hadn't read Voltaire's letters to Madam de Stael. WFI

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re: Reverend J. C. Sutherland (*NR*, November 7, 1975

Pray tell, what is the difference between an hones and a dishonest sinner? And how did you make th transition? Would he give you a Pauline hope that yo could reverse it?

Just wondering
Mrs. J. T. Dennisor
Beaver Falls, Pennsylvani

Willie Sutton was an honest sinner. Most politicians ar the other kind. Cordially, WFI

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I take this opportunity to write you about a glorious event at this venerable university. The student body has cut the university affiliation with the National Union of Students. This action was taken after careful consideration and after attempting to reform NUS into a more democratic organization. The vote went 1,384 against continuing affiliation and 653 for. I would appreciate it if you could find space in your magazine for the news that there are conservative and responsible students who can win over the Left (in this case the broad Left—a hodge-podge of liberals, Marxists, etc.). St. Andrews now stands with Glasgow, Aston University of Birmingham, and two Cambridge colleges as centers of anti-NUS activity.

Good-bye and God bless.

Ecstatically yours,
Edward M. Furgol
St. Andrews, Scotland
—WFB

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BIG BROTHER'S READING LIST

A DISSENT

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION recently compiled and published a reading list designed to aid n the discussion of a series of issues connected with the J.S. Bicentennial. The list was designed, in particular, to be ısed as an accessory to the American Issues Forum, a ıationwide program for "group discussion of the fundanental issues and values of American life upon the occaıion of the nation's Bicentennial." In its effort to compile ı suitable list, the ALA had generous support from the Federal Government. The procedures it followed seem reaıonable. In the words of the ALA: "Two broadly repreıentative committees of librarians, appointed by the Ameriıan Library Association, spent almost five months searching ıut books, films, tapes, and records, considering nominaıions from National Advisors and experts in many different fields, and making the final selections for the list." The principal criteria for selection were "quality," "readability," and "accessibility."

The ALA list has been widely disseminated, and is potentially influential.

As soon as it appeared, however, the ALA list came under thoroughly justified attack in the press. Columnists William Safire and Patrick Buchanan castigated it for its manifest political and cultural bias. Other shortcomings soon became apparent. A prominent American economist, for example, wrote as follows to the editors of *NR*: "In addition to their biases there is too much old stuff on their list which has little significance for our time—i.e., *The Robber Barons*, *The Octopus*, *The Wobblies*, *The Jungle*, etc. From their list, you would not expect that government was playing much of a role in our society. Unfortunately, it is, and not doing very well at it. Much of the best conservative writing consists of a critique of government programs rather than a defense of the market system. I think the focus of the list needs changing."

It thus develops that in the Bicentennial Reading List—drawn up by a private organization, but funded by a federal agency, the National Endowment for the Humanities—we confront several serious defects: 1) in overall quality it is highly uneven, mixing many excellent titles with a good deal of trash; 2) a substantial number of its titles are out of date (particularly in the areas of business and economics), show little awareness of the best work that has been done in recent years, and fail to deal with the most salient issues before us; 3) in its manifest tendency the ALA list is anti-business, and New Left revisionist in its attitude toward the cold war and toward America's role in the world; and 4) it is fashionably self-lacerating as regards the history of ethnic minorities in America.

THE ALA list consists of ten sections, and they vary considerably in quality.

1. *Books for a General Introduction to the American Past.* Generally a satisfactory listing. The ALA list includes an excellent narrative history in Samuel Eliot Morison's *Oxford History of the American People*; the classic *Democracy in America* by Tocqueville; Daniel Boorstin's important three-volume study *The Americans*; Shelby Foote's epic three volumes of the Civil War; and some pleasant surprises: Mencken's *The American Language*, and Frederick Lewis Allen's useful and readable books on the Twenties and Thirties. Criticism of this section perhaps ought to take the form of questions. Is Max Lerner's *America as a Civilization* quite good enough to appear in this company? Or Eric Goldman's *Rendezvous with Destiny*? Frederick Jackson Turner's *The Frontier in American History* urged an important thesis, but to include Turner without including any of his serious critics seems intellectually eccentric.

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2. *A Nation of Nations.* This section deals with the varied ethnic makeup of the United States and with the experiences of the different groups as they played a part in our history. Of the 32 titles listed by the ALA, at least half are of dubious intellectual quality. If you want to read about the Jewish ethnic experience, is Herman Wouk's *City Boy* the best that can be found? Irving Howe, Will Herberg, John Murray Cuddihy, Alfred Kazin, and Norman Podhoretz clearly offer much more. The ALA list includes the important *Beyond the Melting Pot* by Glazer and Moynihan, but do we really need *A Nation of Immigrants* by John F. Kennedy, that deep student of things ethnic? When the ALA list turns to the question of allegiance to the American Republic, the emphasis seems unduly negative. The eight titles start off with the pro-allegiance *Man without a Country* by Edward Everett Hale, but the remaining seven titles are variously negative: they comprise Arthur Miller's play *The Crucible*, a tendentious drama linking seventeenth century witch trials with modern investigations of Communism; Thoreau's *Civil Disobedience*; a record about the 1963 civil rights march on Washington; Richard Rovere's book on McCarthy; a book by W. E. B. Du Bois, who ended his life as a member of the Communist Party; Theodore Roszak on the counterculture; and a book on conscientious objection.

3. *The Land of Plenty.* This section deals with the general subject of development, i.e., the land and its resources and how they have been used. About two-thirds of the ALA-listed books suggest that the U.S. has used them very badly. The intellectual quality varies enormously. We find one title by Edward C. Banfield, but two by Stewart Udall, and, bless us, *Who Owns America?* by Walter J. Hickel. With few exceptions, the ALA list here is relentlessly middlebrow and breast-beating.

4. *Certain Unalienable Rights.* "Basic freedoms and rights are the stuff of America," asserts the ALA list, "but are they being eroded or diluted in today's society, or are they being extended and strengthened?" The ALA list gives the overwhelming impression that they are being eroded and diluted. But before turning to that issue, a prior one should be raised. In any Bicentennial discussion of "rights" in the American constitutional tradition, it would seem appropriate to undertake a discussion of just what those rights are, where they are located, and what their limits are, if any. The ALA list seems unaware that serious controversy exists about the meaning and scope of the First and Fourteenth Amendments, not to mention the debate over the meaning of unalienable rights in the Declaration. Entirely neglected by the ALA list is the fundamental question of whether the American system is an "unalienable rights" system, or a "deliberate sense of the people" system. The list is therefore in an important sense trivial.

In its overall tendency, moreover, the ALA list conveys a very bleak impression of the history and current status of individual rights in America. We have John Roche's judiciously optimistic *The Quest for the Dream*, but this listing is overwhelmed quantitatively by some twenty highly negative titles such as *The Devil in Massachusetts*, *Manual for Direct Action*, *Citizen Hearst*, *Fear in the Air*, *All the President's Men*, *Red Scare*, *The Assault on Privacy*, *The Naked Society*, *The Fire Next Time*, *Institutional Racism in America*, and *A Time to Die.*

5. *A More Perfect Union.* This section deals with the "fragile system" of democracy, and how it does and does not work. The ALA list here provides a curious mixture of high quality and low, including, as usual, much that is indifferent and mediocre. Some titles would find a place in any serious list: *The Federalist Papers*, Daniel P. Moynihan's *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*, perhaps such novels as *The Last Hurrah* and *All the King's Men*, which provide vivid accounts of the actual experience of politics in certain eras. But what are we to make of a ridiculous book like Merle Miller's *Plain Speaking*, in which a manifestly senile Harry Truman parodies himself to the accompaniment of Miller's naïve oohs and ahs? Do we really need John Gardner's manifesto *In Common Cause*, or Dan Rather's inferior *The Palace Guard*? There is even included a record of the son of Sinclair Lewis reading passages from his 1935 novel *It Can't Happen Here*, about the coming of fascism in America, complete with presidential storm troopers. Listed also is a record of the Army-McCarthy hearings and, believe it or not, a tape cassette of John Lindsay instructing us on how to govern our cities—but no facsimiles of defaulted municipal bonds. The cup runneth over.

6. *Working in America.* The overall impression given by the ALA list is that working in America is a pretty bad deal. Furthermore, the list is curiously narrow in its focus and rather sentimental. Work for the ALA apparently means manual labor, for the most part. Such titles as *The Wobblies*, *Muscle and Blood*, *Toil and Trouble* give the prevailing flavor. Nor are the results of working anything to crow about: *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Poorhouse State*, *Still Hungry in America*, *Young till We Die*, *Down and Out in the U.S.A.* Even "success" is really pretty bad: *Babbitt*, *The Organization Man*, *Return the Innocent Earth*, *The Lonely Crowd*, *The Harried Leisure Class.* The ALA list does not come close to reflecting the experience of the vast majority of Americans and therefore fails to deal with the genuine issues in the area of "working in America."

7. *The Business of America.* Of the thirty titles in this list, 19 are strongly anti-business. Two are cautiously pro-business. The rest have other goals in mind. Much of the list is out of date, or otherwise irrelevant to our present concerns. Matthew Josephson's *The Robber Barons* has been influential, but as history it has also been found faulty in important ways. *The Little Foxes* and *Another Part of the Forest* by Lillian Hellman, whatever their merits as plays, shed little light on "the business of America." It is in this general area, however, that some of the most important analytical work has been done during the last fifteen or twenty years. Such work finds almost no representation in the ALA list.

8. *America in the World.* Any list of thirty titles in this area that includes two by William Appleman Williams is prima facie suspect. Williams, moreover, is backed up by a dozen or so works in the "revisionist" historical mode, i.e., the American "empire" (political and economic influence) is bad, America is largely responsible for what is wrong in the world today, America should not intervene abroad in defense of its interests or to oppose the spread of Soviet influence and/or Communism. The predictable names are heavily represented: Walter LaFeber, Gunnar Myrdal, Ronald Steel, David Halberstam, Frances FitzGerald, J. William Fulbright, et al. You would not guess from the ALA list that Robert James Maddox in *The New*

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Left and the Origins of the Cold War has provided a devastating critique of revisionist historical methods. Nor would you imagine that an array of writers from Hanson Baldwin and James Burnham to Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and Sir Robert Thompson think that a) the U.S. and the other free nations are in serious danger, and b) the spread of Soviet power and influence is a part of that danger.

9. *Growing Up in America.* By this time, you ought to be able to anticipate the titles listed by the ALA. Jonathan Kozol, *Death at an Early Age.* Right. Dore Schary, *Sunrise at Campobello.* Richard Wright, *Black Boy* and *Native Son.* Vance Packard, *A Nation of Strangers.* Then there's *House Made of Dawn* by N. Scott Momoday, described as follows: "Abel, a young American Indian, seeks to integrate his past—now nothing more than a desperate, downtrodden reservation—with a hostile white world, an effort that results in violence, suffering, and despair." That just about says it all for the ALA on "growing up in America." The middle class is represented by a few items—Thornton Wilder, Barzun on the university, J. D. Salinger—but it is strictly a token appearance. For the ALA, the middle class appears to be just that, a token presence in any account of "growing up in America." You would never imagine that Hemingway's Nick Adams had "grown up in America" or that Fitzgerald's Amory Blaine had too. Not to mention Robert Frost or Edna Millay, Hunter Thompson or Joan Didion. The ALA list in this section is a fiasco.

10. *And the Pursuit of Happiness.* The ALA list is peculiarly thin and unfocused here, but it leaves the general impression that if you "pursue happiness" in America you are not likely to be rewarded with much of it. Some of the titles included are unexceptionable: *The Great Gatsby, An American Tragedy, Walden, The Old Man and the Sea.* Those books are all well worth talking about. But we also get the *schlock* to which we have now become so accustomed in dealing with the ALA list: *Future Shock, The Greening of America, The Art of Loving.* You would not gather that "happiness" in America had anything to do with style, humor, vitality, personal achievement, serious thought, or religious belief. As a matter of fact, the intellectual disaster in this final section tells us a good deal about the pervasive deficiencies in the rest of the list.

THE ALA compiled its list with the aid of a substantial grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, a federal agency. This fact raises some complex issues. It would scarcely seem appropriate for the National Endowment to have compiled its own list. Few would feel comfortable with the idea of a federal agency putting out reading lists for mass consumption. When the ALA labored and brought forth a lemon, should the National Endowment have gone along with the list, rejected it, or tried to improve it? The latter two options, while superficially attractive, again raise the issue of a direct federal influence on the reading list.

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW decided, therefore, to compile and advertise the availability of an alternative Bicentennial Reading List, better balanced and much less condescending to its intended audience. The editors of *NR* believe that those who compiled the ALA list drastically underestimated the ability of Americans to read books of intellectual quality and balance. It need not be said that any such list will have omissions to which anyone could point. The following list will have them, but an effort has been made to achieve quality and balance. In a number of instances, and especially in the section "America in the World," the following list includes foreign writers to a greater degree than the ALA list, on the assumption that in order to know the world in which America strives to exist a knowledge of Orwell and Solzhenitsyn is necessary. The list will be revised and brought up to date from time to time. When deemed advisable, brief comments have been made on individual titles.

BOOKS FOR A GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE AMERICAN PAST

*ALLEN, FREDERICK LEWIS
Only Yesterday *(Harper & Row paperback).*
The Big Change *(Harper & Row paperback).* Vivid social history of the 1920s and 1930s.

*BOORSTIN, DANIEL
The Americans, *3 vols. (Random House paperback).*

*FOOTE, SHELBY
The Civil War: A Narrative, *3 vols. (Random House).*

JEFFERSON, THOMAS
Notes on the State of Virginia *(Norton paperback).* The tension between the pastoral ideal and the ideal of development has deep roots in American feeling.

KENNER, HUGH
The Pound Era *(University of California).* A profound examination of Ezra Pound's poetry and ideas in the context of the twentieth century modernist movement.

MANCHESTER, WILLIAM
The Glory and the Dream 1932–1972 *(Bantam).* America through depression, world war, and the strains of empire.

MILLER, PERRY
The American Puritans *(Anchor).*

*MORISON, SAMUEL ELIOT
The Oxford History of the American People *(Mentor).* The best concise history of America from the earliest days to the atomic age.

NIEBUHR, REINHOLD
The Irony of American History *(Scribner's paperback).* An anti-utopian meditation on the irony that shadows the plans and projects of men.

PIERSON, GEORGE W.
The Frontier and American Institutions: A Criticism of the Turner Thesis, *in* **Turner and the Sociology of the Frontier,** *Richard Hofstadter and Seymour M. Lipset, eds. (Basic Books).*

* Indicates a book also selected by the ALA.

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RUSSELL, FRANCIS
The Shadow of Blooming Grove *(McGraw-Hill).* One of the best books on the American political process as it operated between the world wars, and a poignant portrait of Warren Harding.
Tragedy in Dedham: The Story of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case *(McGraw-Hill).* Brilliant study of the famous case.

SCHEER, GEORGE F., and HUGH F. RANKIN
Rebels and Redcoats *(Mentor).* Eyewitness accounts of the American Revolution from letters, journals, and battlefield reports.

SHAW, PETER
The Character of John Adams *(University of North Carolina).*

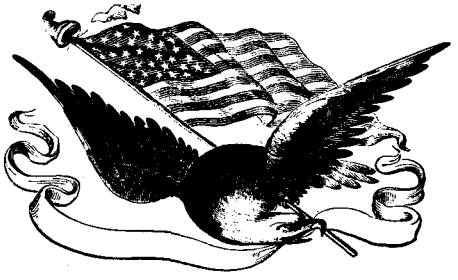
SMITH, HENRY NASH
Virgin Land *(Harvard paperback).* The idea of the American West and its effect upon history and culture.

*__TOCQUEVILLE,__ ALEXIS DE
Democracy in America, *2 vols. (Random House paperback).*

*__TURNER,__ FREDERICK JACKSON
The Frontier in American History *(Holt, Rinehart paperback).*

WHITMAN, WALT
Democratic Vistas, *in* **The Viking Portable Walt Whitman** *(Viking).* A locus classicus of American optimism.

ZUCKERMAN, MICHAEL
Peaceable Kingdoms: New England Towns in the Eighteenth Century *(Vintage).*



A NATION OF NATIONS

ANDRIST, RALPH K.
The Long Death *(Collier).* The defeat of the Plains Indians.

BAILYN, BERNARD
Education in the Forming of American Society *(Norton paperback).*

BOK, EDWARD
The Americanization of Edward Bok *(Scribner's).* Until quite recently, people knew what Americanization meant and actually used the word.

BOORSTIN, DANIEL
The Lost World of Thomas Jefferson *(Beacon paperback).*

BOYER, RICHARD O.
The Legend of John Brown *(Knopf).* The fiery abolitionist in fact and myth.

CREVECOEUR, J. HECTOR ST. JOHN DE
Letters from an American Farmer and Sketches of Eighteenth Century America *(Signet).* Roots of American individualism.

CUDDIHY, JOHN M.
The Ordeal of Civility *(Basic Books).* An intellectually revolutionary study of the socialization of the Jewish ethnic minority.

DU BOIS, W.E.B.
The Autobiography of W. E. B. Du Bois *(New World paperback).*

FAULKNER, WILLIAM
The Viking Portable Faulkner *(Viking).* Critic Malcolm Cowley arranges selections from Faulkner's novels and stories to form a narrative of the interlocking fates of whites, blacks, and Indians in the American South.

FOGEL, ROBERT W., and STANLEY L. ENGERMAN
Time on the Cross *(Little, Brown paperback).* Using new methods of analysis, the authors arrive at revisionist conclusions about the life of the slaves.

*__FRANKLIN,__ BENJAMIN
The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin *(New American Library).*

GAMBINO, RICHARD
Blood of My Blood *(Anchor).* The Italian-American experience.

*__GLAZER,__ NATHAN, and DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN
Beyond the Melting Pot *(MIT paperback).* The melting pot failed to turn ethnic Americans into interchangeable parts, but did affect them profoundly.

*__HANDLIN,__ OSCAR
The Uprooted *(Atlantic–Little, Brown paperback).*

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL
The Scarlet Letter *(Harper & Row).* A major expression of the Puritan sensibility.

*__HERBERG,__ WILL
Protestant–Catholic–Jew *(Doubleday).*

HOWE, IRVING
World of Our Fathers *(Harcourt Brace).* Jewish immigrant experience.

JAFFA, HARRY
The Crisis of the House Divided *(University of Washington).* The political and constitutional struggle over slavery.

KAZIN, ALFRED
A Walker in the City *(Harcourt Brace).*

*__MALCOLM X__
The Autobiography of Malcolm X *(Ballantine).*

MARSHALL, S. L. A.
Crimsoned Prairie *(Scribner's).* One of America's foremost military historians deals with the Indian wars and provides an antidote to Dee Brown.

MORGAN, EDMUND S.
The Puritan Family: Domestic Relations in Seventeenth Century Virginia *(Harper Torchbook).*

*__O'CONNOR,__ EDWIN
The Last Hurrah *(Little, Brown).* Irish-American politics in Boston.

PETTENGILL, SAMUEL B.
The Yankee Pioneers: A Saga of Courage *(Charles E. Tuttle).* Surprisingly arduous conditions in New England and the people who surmounted them.

PODHORETZ, NORMAN
Making It *(Random House).* A mid-century American Jew moves from humble background to literary and cultural success.

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PUZO, MARIO
The Godfather *(Putnam).*

SCHOENER, ALLON, ed.
Portal to America: The Lower East Side 1870–1925 *(Holt, Rinehart paperback).*

SHANNON, WILLIAM V.
The American Irish *(Macmillan).*

STEFFENS, LINCOLN
The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens *(Harvest).*

STRICKLAND, RENNARD
Fire and the Spirits: Cherokee Law from Clan to Court *(University of Oklahoma).*

WHEELER, THOMAS C., ed.
The Immigrant Experience *(Pelican).*

WILLS, GARRY
The Second Civil War: Arming for Armageddon *(New American Library).* An eloquent 1968 prediction of the imminent civil war in America—imminent defined as a matter of months, or a year at most—by the Last Kid, a well-known casualty of the ideological season.

THE LAND OF PLENTY

***AGEE,** JAMES, and WALKER EVANS
Let Us Now Praise Famous Men *(Ballantine).* Evans' photographs and Agee's text on rural Southern poverty.

ALCHIAN, ARMEN
No Time to Confuse *(Institute for Contemporary Studies).* A devastating critique of the Ford Foundation's report on energy.

***BANFIELD,** EDWARD C.
The Unheavenly City Revisited *(Little, Brown paperback).* A revised edition of Banfield's classic, taking account of points made by critics of the original study.

BARZUN, JACQUES
God's Country and Mine *(Greenwood).* The definitive rejoinder to fashionable anti-Americanism.

BAUER, P. T.
Dissent on Development *(Harvard).* Sanity about relations between the developed and underdeveloped worlds.

BECKERMAN, WILFRED
Two Cheers for the Affluent: A Spirited Defense of Economic Growth *(St. Martin's).*

BOULDING, KENNETH E., and MARTIN PFAFF, eds.
Redistribution to the Rich and the Poor *(Wadsworth).* Programs supposedly designed to aid the poor really buy the votes of the non-poor.

BURNHAM, JAMES
The Managerial Revolution *(Indiana University).* A classic study of the concentration of power in modern society; it deeply influenced George Orwell.

CAPOTE, TRUMAN
In Cold Blood *(Random House).* The wretches hang.

CLARKSON, KENNETH W.
Food Stamps and Nutrition *(American Enterprise Institute).*

***DOS PASSOS,** JOHN
U.S.A. *(Houghton Mifflin paperback).* A classic novel, highly critical of capitalism.

FRIEDMAN, MILTON
There's No Such Thing as a Free Lunch *(Open Court).*

FURUBOTN, EIRIK G., and SVETOZAR PEJOVICH
The Economics of Property Rights *(Ballinger).*

***GALBRAITH,** JOHN KENNETH
The Affluent Society *(New American Library).*

GINZBERG, ELI, and ROBERT M. SOLOW, eds.
The Great Society *(Basic Books).*

***HARRINGTON,** MICHAEL
The Other America *(Macmillan).* Poverty and hunger rediscovered.

HAYEK, F. A.
Capitalism and the Historians *(University of Chicago).*

JACOBS, JANE
The Death and Life of Great American Cities *(Vintage).*

MARX, LEO
The Machine in the Garden *(Oxford).* Ambivalence about machinery in American literature and culture written from an implicitly leftist point of view.

MILLER, ROGER LEROY
American Economic Life Yesterday and Today *(Canfield).*

***MILLS,** C. WRIGHT
The Power Elite *(Oxford).* An influential study of interlocking economic power by the radical sociologist.

MITCHELL, EDWARD J.
U.S. Energy Policy: A Primer *(American Enterprise Institute).* The best introduction to energy.

PECHMAN, JOSEPH A., HENRY J. AARON, and MICHAEL TAUSSIG
Social Security: Perspectives for Reform *(Brookings Institution).* Social Security now accounts for 25 per cent of federal expenditures. A careful study of the system.

PERCY, WALKER
Love in the Ruins *(Farrar, Straus).*

RIESMAN, DAVID, et al.
Individualism Rediscovered *(Anchor).* A series of essays exploring the place of individualism in modern society.

SCHUMPETER, JOSEPH
Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy *(Harper & Row).* Capitalism will fall because it has been so successful.

SMITH, ADAM
The Wealth of Nations *(Kelley).*

STIGLER, GEORGE
The Intellectual and the Marketplace *(Transatlantic).*

THOMPSON, HUNTER
Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail *(Simon & Schuster).* Exacerbated sensibility and brilliant prose style; a footnote to Schumpeter.

TULLOCK, GORDON
Private Wants, Public Means *(Basic Books).*

WOLFE, TOM
Radical Chic and Mau-Mauing the Flak-Catchers *(Bantam).* Playing at revolution as a relief from affluent ennui.

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WORSTHORNE, PEREGRINE
The Socialist Myth *(Weybright and Talley).* An examination of the British experience with socialism, but of general application.

CERTAIN UNALIENABLE RIGHTS

BAILYN, BERNARD
The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution *(Harvard paperback).*

BECKER, CARL
The Declaration of Independence *(Vintage).*

BERNS, WALTER
Freedom, Virtue, and the First Amendment *(Greenwood paperback).*

BICKEL, ALEXANDER
Morality of Consent *(Yale).* Better to discover Burke late than never.

BOORSTIN, DANIEL
The Genius of American Politics *(University of Chicago).*

BUCKLEY, WILLIAM F., JR., and L. BRENT BOZELL
McCarthy and His Enemies *(Regnery).* One side of the great controversy; cf. Rovere below.

BURKE, EDMUND
Speech on Conciliation with the Colonies *(Gateway).*

BURNHAM, JAMES
Congress and the American Tradition *(Regnery).* The attrition of congressional sovereignty and its complications for self-government.

GOLDWIN, ROBERT, ed.
A Nation of States *(Rand McNally).* Essays by Berns, Diamond, Kirk, et al.

HACKER, ANDREW, ed.
The Federalist Papers *(Pocket Books).*

HARPER, JOHN RICHARD
The American Revolution *(Harper Torchbooks).*

*__HOFSTADTER,__ RICHARD
The American Political Tradition *(Vintage).* An influential book from a generally liberal point of view.

HOOK, SIDNEY
The Paradoxes of Freedom *(University of California paperback).*

HYNEMAN, CHARLES S., and GEORGE W. CAREY, eds.
A Second Federalist: Congress Creates a Government *(University of South Carolina).*

KENDALL, WILLMOORE, and GEORGE W. CAREY
The Basic Symbols of the American Political Tradition *(Louisiana State University).* An original and profound study of the emergence of the American political tradition from the earliest documents through the Declaration and the Constitution.

KOCH, ADRIENNE, ed.
The American Enlightenment *(Braziller).* Letters, papers, addresses by Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, et al.

KRISTOL, IRVING
On the Democratic Idea in America *(Basic Books).* One of the most astute analysts of American politics considers the problems of capitalism, the role of the intellectuals, pornography and censorship, etc.

*__LEVY,__ LEONARD W., ed.
Freedom of the Press from Zenger to Jefferson *(Bobbs-Merrill Heritage Series).*

LIVY
The Early History of Rome *(Penguin).* The writings of classical historians and political theorists had at least as much influence on the Founders as the writings of John Locke.

LOCKE, JOHN
Second Treatise of Government *(Bobbs-Merrill).*

MACHIAVELLI, NICCOLO
The Discourses *(Peter Smith).*

MURRAY, JOHN COURTNEY
We Hold These Truths *(Sheed & Ward).* A natural-rights perspective on and affirmation of the American constitutional tradition.

NISBET, ROBERT
The Twilight of Authority *(Oxford).* A pessimistic estimate of the present state of democratic culture by one of the leading contemporary sociologists and one of the few who can write.

PAINE, THOMAS
Common Sense and the Crisis, *annotated by Thomas Wendel (Barron's Educational Series).* The most influential pamphleteer of the American Revolution speaks for eighteenth century radicals.

PLUTARCH
The Fall of the Roman Republic *(Penguin).*

ROCHE, GEORGE
Balancing Act *(Open Court).* Use and abuse of racial quotas.

*__ROCHE,__ JOHN P.
The Quest for the Dream *(Quadrangle paperback).* The noted political scientist studies civil liberties in America and concludes that on the whole things are good.

ROSSITER, CLINTON
1787: The Grand Convention *(Macmillan).*
The Political Thought of the American Revolution *(Harvest).*

*__ROVERE,__ RICHARD
Senator Joe McCarthy *(Harper & Row).* The best of the numerous anti-McCarthy books of the period.

U.S. Constitution with the Declaration of Independence *(Pathmark Books).*

WEAVER, RICHARD M.
The Southern Tradition at Bay *(Arlington House).*

WOOD, GORDON S.
Creation of the American Republic 1776–1787 *(Norton).*
Confederation and Constitution, *ed. (Little, Brown).* Essays by Corwin, Diamond, Roche, Kenyon, et al.

A MORE PERFECT UNION: HOW THE SYSTEM DOES AND DOES NOT WORK

ANDERSON, MARTIN
The Federal Bulldozer *(McGraw-Hill).*

BERGER, RAOUL
Impeachment *(Harvard).*

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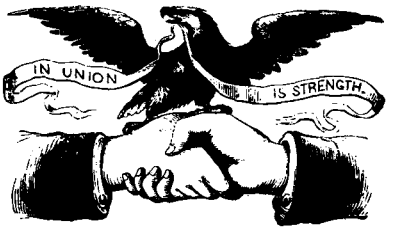

BOZELL, L. BRENT
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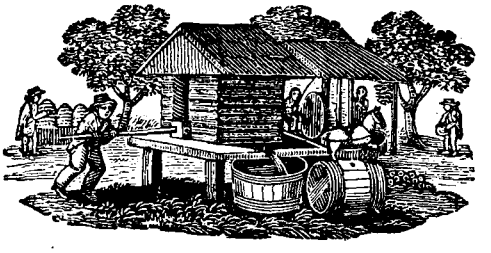

WORKING IN AMERICA

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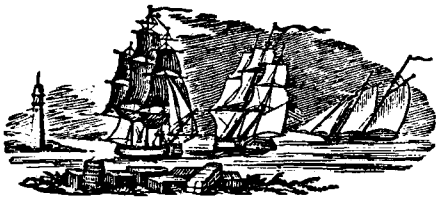

AMERICA IN THE WORLD

BALDWIN, HANSON
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LETTER FROM LONDON

New Man at 10 Downing

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

BRITAIN HAS A NEW Prime Minister but no sense of a new beginning, no lifting of the heart. James Callaghan is all too familiar, both in person and in what he stands for. Some people may find this familiarity reassuring; he is no wild man. Others will find it depressing. There is, of course, much to be said for dull politicians: but when the conventional ideas to which they subscribe are as inadequate to the situation as the ideas of the British Labor Party are to Britain's plight today, then dullness becomes dangerous.

When Mr. Callaghan was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the 1960s, he did try to learn some economics, but the result was wholly unfortunate. The silly-clever notions of that terrible Hungarian double-act, Lord Kaldor and Lord Balogh, were superimposed on traditional Labor Party shibboleths, such as the belief that wealth consists (in George Schwartz's phrase) only of things which hurt if you drop them on your toe. When Callaghan appeared on television to explain what had gone wrong, he looked like the secretary of a small-town Christmas club explaining that somebody had stolen the funds.

His intellectual weakness has been, from one point of view, a political strength, since it gives him an instinctive sympathy with the attitudes of the rank-and-file of the Labor Party. His chief talent is the same as Harold Wilson's—he is good at party politics. This is, no doubt, an indispensable talent for anyone who aspires to lead the British Labor Party, hopelessly divided as it is between Marxists and social democrats: but leading a country does perhaps require something more.

Mr. Wilson's main achievement, as all the commentators agreed, was to hold his party together, no matter how many twists and turns he had to make, no matter what the cost to the nation and to the standards of public life.

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s London correspondent.*

The contest to succeed him as Labor Party leader, and therefore to become Prime Minister, was tediously protracted—involving three ballots by Labor Members of Parliament—and led to an outcome which was predictable from the start; an outcome which Mr. Wilson had clearly intended. But several aspects of what happened were highly significant and not so predictable.

The first intriguing question is why Harold Wilson chose that moment to go; not in the aftermath of some triumph, or at a natural break, but when his government had just suffered a defeat in the House of Commons because of a revolt by its own left-wingers, when the value of the pound was hanging precariously at a new low point, and when Britain's economic future still seemed murky in the extreme. Cynics were inclined to believe that, having enjoyed a long and, by some criteria, successful period in office, he had prudently decided to get out before the roof fell in.

Super-cynics have suggested a more complex scenario. Mr. Wilson, they point out, is only sixty. He may be expecting that his successor will get into deep trouble and become very unpopular; that Labor will therefore lose the next election; and that Mrs. Thatcher and the Conservatives will then also make a mess of things. To whom would the country turn for salvation? Where would it find an elder statesman to lead a historic coalition government? Why, on the backbenches of the House of Commons—Harold Wilson, calm, avuncular, still vigorous . . .

Meanwhile, the would-be successors crowded forward. Roy Jenkins was by far the most intelligent and civilized. He has written several quite respectable political biographies, and actually said the other day that freedom might be imperiled if the government took much more than 60 per cent (which is less than the figure in Britain now) of the national income. Hard-core socialists—and, indeed, working-class Labor supporters—dislike him intensely. The *Times*, on the other hand, absolutely adores him.

MR. JENKINS was knocked out in the first round, having received only 56 out of 314 votes. For Conservatives this was delightful news. If he had won, all the middle-class intellectuals who gradually, over the past two years, have been weaned away from their guilt-ridden support of the Labor Party would have gone rushing back like water down a drain. Instead of which, the derisive rejection of their hero has angered and astonished them.

The hero of the Left, Michael Foot, on the other hand, did very much better than expected. He actually was on top in the first ballot, and was defeated in the last ballot by only 39 votes, scoring 137 to the 176 Mr. Callaghan scored.

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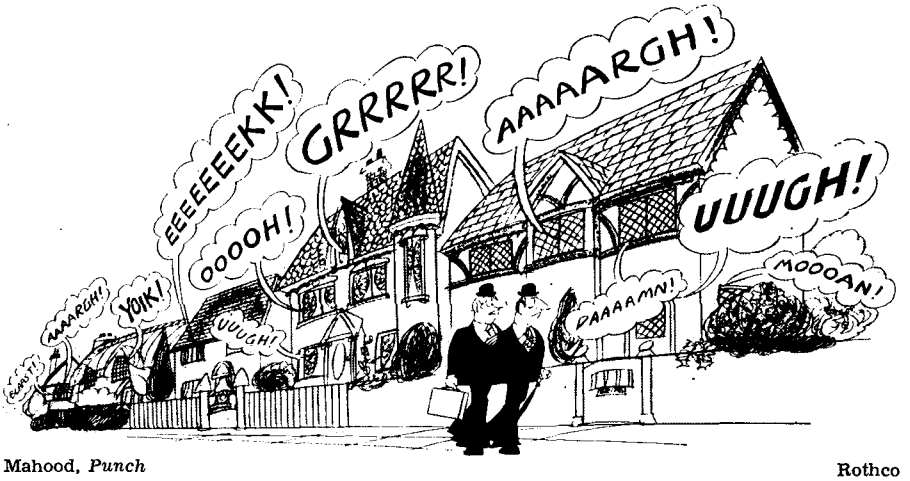

Mahood, *Punch* Rothco

"It seems we are no longer content to suffer in silence."

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The Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt Doctrine: II

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

POLICY TOWARD the Soviet Union is the fulcrum of the Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt (i.e., official U.S.) doctrine. "That is our central problem in the years ahead. . . . Our challenge is how to live in the world with another superpower."

The doctrine recognizes and accepts: 1) the legitimacy of the Soviet government as ruler both of Russia and of the non-Russian nationalities now inside the Soviet Union; 2) the legitimacy of the Communist regimes in the East European nations; and 3) the legitimacy of Soviet hegemony over the East European nations.

The aim of the policy is to get along with the Soviet Union.

The way to do this is, essentially, by being nice to the Soviet Union: 1) by negotiating reduction and control of strategic weapons; 2) by promoting trade relations; and, most important, 3) by helping the Soviet Union to transform its relationship with the East European nations from the present "unnatural" basis in crude force to a natural, "organic" basis—to a relationship, that is, in which Soviet hegemony would be accepted by the East European nations (as by us) and sustained by common interests rather than by force alone. In short, we should urge on the East European nations the classic principle: If rape is inevitable, relax and enjoy it.

Let us turn from this primary and controlling section of the doctrine to a subsidiary section—specifically, the West European—again drawing on the London presentations.

Communism and Communism

"In Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and maybe even in France, we are witnessing the rising influence of Communist parties and we are facing the problem of what we should do."

"One thing is clear, however: the dominance of Communist parties in the West is unacceptable."

Why should it be unacceptable? And if it is, what are we to do about it? To these two questions the doctrine, given its analysis of the Soviet zone and the correlated policy, cannot give convincing answers.

"This [unacceptability] has nothing to do with the reasonableness of these [Western Communist] parties or with the degree of their independence from Russia." But, apparently, it does: "A Communist party taking control of a government would find itself on a specific point in its line of development. It is unlikely to turn the clock back. More likely, once it is in power, it will seek to change the objective conditions of society so that the democratic process can no longer operate. We must do our utmost to assure the survival of democratic processes and to preserve the Western political orientation of Western European countries."

But if the extinction of democratic processes and the absence of a Western political orientation are of no concern in the Eastern zone, and no obstacle to satisfactory relations, why should they be in the Western zone? No answer.

"Secondly, we can have fruitful relations with Titoist Yugoslavia; we are prepared to improve our relations with that sort of government. But it is another thing to say that we could have a Titoist Italy in NATO."

Why? What's the difference? No answer.

"If Communist parties take power in several Western European democracies, there would be a shocking change in the established patterns of American policy."

Why must there be "a shocking change" when there is no shock from the Communist parties' possession of power in *all* East European countries—nor even, according to the doctrine, any intent or wish to change that possession? No answer.

And if the dominance of Communist parties in the West is "*unacceptable*" (my italics), what do we do about it? "It is not our job to manipulate domestic policies." That is: We do nothing. So what is the point of the yakking? If there is no alternative, there's no problem.

Secretary Kissinger ended his London remarks on a somewhat plaintive note: "There is an inconsistency perceived in the U.S. between our opposing Communist governments in Western Europe and our talking to them in Eastern Europe. We must overcome this problem in the public's mind."

Before he and his colleagues can overcome the problem in the public's mind, however, they will have to overcome it in their own, and for that they will have to overcome it in their doctrine.

Secretary Kissinger blames the irresponsibility of Congress and the stupidity of the citizens for our setbacks in sundry parts. But it is he who told us that we could have an honorable peace with the Indochinese Communists, and he who has been teaching Congress and the rest of us to relax tensions with both the Soviet Union and Communism. It is he who advises the East European nations to reconcile themselves to permanent submission to the Soviet Communist imperium, who condemned Congress for annoying the Kremlin by linking trade privileges to the freedom to emigrate, attaching conditions to arms accords, and interfering with Soviet grain purchases. And it was he who, by advising the President to refuse to meet Solzhenitsyn, summed up the meaning of the present official policy in a dramatic public symbol.

No Excuses, Sir

Why should Congress meekly obey orders if—much too late to do any good, in any case—the Secretary of State asks for money to stop Soviet-led Cubans using Soviet-supplied weapons from interfering in Angola?—the said Secretary of State had made no objection but on the contrary had approved and facilitated the lending of $1.5 billion to the said Soviet Union last year to cover the deficit in the balance of the trade that brought it grain and technology to shore up its weaknesses. If it is OK for Poland and Czechoslovakia and Hungary to be Communist-governed satellites of the Soviet Union—if it is to our advantage, even, that they should be uncomplaining "organic" satellites—why get into a sweat if a couple of Communists sit in the Italian cabinet, or the Soviet government squanders a few hundred million rubles in the African boondocks? □

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Ecône—A Symptom

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE the Catholic Church, they are talking about Ecône, the rebellious seminary in Switzerland. The resistance of its founder and head highlights the crisis of the Catholic Church—and of Western civilization.

It all started in 1970 when—at the behest of Archbishop Lefebvre—Bishop Charrière of Geneva, Lausanne, and Fribourg signed a decree sanctioning a new association of priests, the Confraternity of Saint Pius X. The name is significant: it was Pius X (1903-1914) who crushed the first wave of modernism in the Catholic Church, and Archbishop Lefebvre is profoundly worried about similar tendencies now. The theologians who ignore the injunctions not to conform to the *Aion* (the world and the times) have naturally affected the theological schools and the seminaries. For this reason the Confraternity decided to start seminaries of its own. The first one was founded in Ecône, but plans were made for others in Switzerland, France, Britain, and the United States. Not only did Archbishop Lefebvre receive generous aid from Catholics of all nations, but the number of enthusiastic young men who flocked to Ecône was impressive. Ecône's success was all the more surprising in view of the fact that the discipline was severe and strictly pre-Conciliar, theology was not taught as a set of humanitarian opinions, and ritual and devotion continued in their traditional way—the Tridentine Mass in Latin.

This paradoxical success set tongues wagging. In November 1974 two high ecclesiastics, a former rector of Louvain University and a leading canonist, were sent by the Vatican to investigate the flourishing seminary. At first they seemed to be favorably impressed, but then disagreements developed between them and the Archbishop. Only a week after their departure, Archbishop Lefebvre issued a strongly worded statement that reaffirmed the seminary's loyalty to the Catholic Church but protested the Church's "neo-modernist" and "neo-Protestant" tendencies.

There can be little doubt that this proclamation (which the *Neue Zuricher Zeitung* called "a declaration of war") was written in an irate mood. But the accusation of modernism (i.e., pagan humanism and relativism) was clearly justified. And while Vatican II's decisions and decrees were sound and by no means heretical, they have been cleverly and extensively perverted.

In June 1975 Paul VI wrote Lefebvre a personal letter asking him to submit to the judgment of the Cardinals, but Lefebvre failed to answer. Another letter from the Pope followed, in longhand, imploring him to yield. Now the Archbishop replied with a fervent declaration of loyalty but without any reference to his plans for Ecône. In February of this year the Bishop of Sitten, Monsignor Adam, was officially charged to urge the Archbishop to submit, and one Swiss bishop declared that any moral or financial support given to Ecône is an act of "grave disobedience" toward the Holy See.

Still, the seminary, with its more than 100 seminarians, continues in full swing, in a strictly pre-Conciliar atmosphere. Cassocks are worn, Latin is used on every occasion, and money is pouring in from all quarters. And although bishops are afraid to accept ("incardinate") priests ordained in Ecône, the enthusiasm of the seminarians does not abate. They know that the dearth of priests is so severe that in the long run the bishops will have to take every priest of good character.

Will Archbishop Lefebvre be able to hold out? What would happen if, as is by no means unthinkable, he were excommunicated? His own ordination of course would remain valid, as would, consequently, all the ordinations he confers upon graduates of his own seminary. Not even the Pope can nullify the validity of these powers. But such an action would risk schism; I consider it unlikely, but not inconceivable.

Even the more conservative Catholics who consider Archbishop Lefebvre somewhat arrogant criticize Rome for not really answering his accusations and criticisms convincingly, and for treating him with much greater harshness than they have treated a number of clearly heretical theologians. After all, Ecône stands merely for the (perfectly orthodox) pre-Conciliar Church, which had hardly changed in the last 400 years. There is little doubt that the "progressivists" have the upper hand in the Curia. Yet Lefebvre holds at least one trump card in his hand: he is eminently successful. The "opening toward the World," on the other hand, as practiced since Vatican II, has proved a complete failure. Vocations for the priesthood and the religious orders are down, as are church attendance, reception of sacraments, and conversions.

WHY DOES Ecône flourish even now when its tragic end seems possible? Consider the problem from a purely psychological angle. What do people want from a religion and its organized form, the church—any church? Do they want it to be timely, up-to-date, modern—or timeless? For "keeping within the spirit of the moment" there are other means: *haute couture*; psychiatric fads; artistic trends; fashions in dogs, hairdos, shoes, or cars. In a world where almost everything seems to change perpetually, the Catholic Church was the one rock that did not yield, that gave a sense of continuity to those within her fold. The Church was not popular among outsiders, but it was respected. It was a fixed pole in the restlessness of Western civilization.

The Catholic Church, moreover, was in the past a very demanding Church. For the security it gave a price had to be paid: certain limitations, ascetic practices, laws and obligations, material sacrifices, obedience—all belonged integrally to a Catholic's way of life. Once the Church gave this up, what was there to differentiate it from UNESCO or the Red Cross?

All this points painfully in one direction: the Church's grave strategic mistake in becoming "open to the World." The Church's primary task is, after all, to transmit and foster spiritual values —to which challenging task a rather natural response is Ecône. □

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Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Test Case

LAST YEAR, when New York City's financial collapse was a political football, one of the shoddiest arguments the "liberals" used in order to schnorr a few kopeks from the Federal Government was the argument that New York City had impoverished itself by taking such good care of all those shoeless immigrants over the years. Ah yes, the wretched refuse of those scattered shores. Everyone swallowed that line. No one asked whether it was *necessary* for immigrants to be treated as charity cases. No one asked whether it was *necessary* to invoke the Federal Government and slap a tax on the Idaho apple grower simply because a few Polish peasants decide to strike it rich in the New World.

I got news for you. It isn't necessary. Free markets provide plenty of food, clothing, shelter, and employment. New York City and everyone in it would have been richer and happier if the government had done nothing at all.

This isn't just theory. We happen to have a test-tube clinical case available for study. It's a city that had a population of 500,000 in 1945: Hong Kong. A territory of rocky, hilly islands, more than two hundred of them. Hardly enough flat ground to grow crops for even a portion of the population. Had to live off trade and middleman business. No democracy, no elections. No minimum wage. No social security. No unemployment benefits. No retirement plans. No medical plans. No workmen's compensation. No "child labor laws." No compulsory schooling. No free schools. No tax on capital gains. No tax on income from investments. No tax on earnings from overseas. No sales tax. No nuisance tax. Maximum tax rate of 16 per cent on salary earned within the colony. No tax on corporation profits. F*R*E*E*D*O*M.

Came the glorious agrarian reform of Mao Tse-tung in 1949 and the refugees started running from China. They built shanties on the hillsides. Malaya flared up in the 1950s and more refugees straggled to Hong Kong and freedom, with nothing in their pockets and with no prospect of any handouts from any government. A hundred flowers bloomed in China in the mid-1960s and more thousands of victims fled to Hong Kong. Burma fell in 1962 and the stream swelled. Indonesia went cuckoo in 1965. Vietnam added to the misery. Some four million people have come to Hong Kong since 1945, all of them impoverished, desperate, homeless, without capital, friends, or connections . . .

OR AT LEAST that's the way they were when they arrived. Naturally Abe Beame would have wrung his hands and declared Hong Kong a disaster area. To provide food, shelter, clothing, and schooling for four million new citizens, almost overnight, would require billions and billions of government expenditures, hundreds of new "welfare" programs, thousands of bureaucrats, and taxes taxes taxes taxes taxes. That's the "wisdom" of the reigning classes in the U.S.A. today.

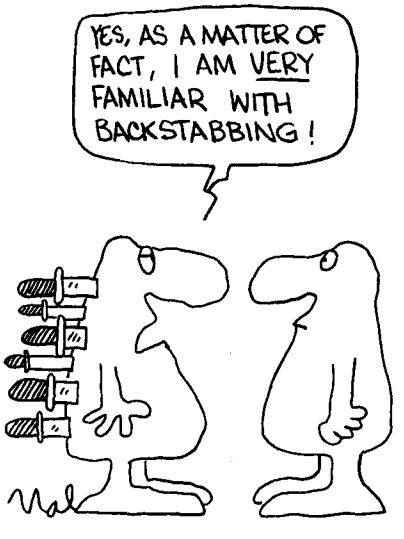
Fortunately for the pitiable Chinese refugees, Hong Kong sat on its hands. There was no minimum wage, so everyone could find work—at low wages, to be sure, but it was a living, and that was something the central planners in Peking were not providing for everyone. In fact the socialist humanitarians in Peking were assassinating about 60 million citizens while the free market in Hong Kong was providing a living and liberty to the lucky ones who could escape toward the "chaos of the free market."

The bus and taxi transportation is strictly private enterprise and I didn't notice any long lines of plaintiffs at the bus stops. Indeed, not too long ago, another private enterprise managed to scrape together about $60 million to build a vehicular tunnel under the harbor from Kowloon to Victoria, in competition with the ferryboat. The tunnel is earning a return on the investment.

Children can work for peanuts as soon as they're old enough to fall into a machine and kill themselves. Routine social-welfare freaks will shudder when they hear that. But they'll also, I hope, rejoice when they learn that children aren't working at all in Hong Kong. But—if there is no law requiring them to go to school—where are they? They're in school, silly, in privately operated schools. Just about 99.99 per cent of the kids are hitting the books. Twenty-three per cent of the *entire* population is in school. By free choice.

A lot of the housing was built by corporations—Mobil Oil comes to mind—in order to accommodate the work force. Rents are dirt cheap. The picture isn't entirely free-market: there have been government programs to build apartments (especially after a disastrous fire left about 60,000 people homeless: they were housed in new dwellings within three months). There are government subsidies to the schools, but each parent must pay *something* in the form of direct tuition.

The British Fabian Society deplores all this and wants to turn Hong Kong into a social-welfare pit like jolly England herself. Very Marxian, that notion: socialism can be built only after capitalism has created the economic structure. If the do-gooders would only *create* something I might have some respect for them. But all they do is seize wealth while castigating the freedom that created it in the first place. □



William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report *and author of* William Rickenbacker's Savings and Investment Guide, *just published by David McKay.*

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Arts & Manners

PLACES

TERRY EASTLAND

South toward Home

"My daughter," continued the lady in green, "is interested in journalism, too. What did you take in college?"

"Oh, well, nothing special. Philosophy . . . some theology."

"The–ol–o–gy?" she worked it out carefully. "What is that? I mean, it has something to do with religion, doesn't it?"

She and I turned again to the food, chicken not fried but pressed, and buried under cream gravy. The Historical Book Club, she was saying between bites, is 27 years old. All the chancellors and their wives from all the state universities are automatically members, and the Governor and his wife are too. There were this many people here last year, too, from all over the state, three, four hundred.

Every year, said the lady in green, she had told herself she would read the authors scheduled for the luncheon, but she had never gotten around to it. Willie Morris, one of those authors, had waved off his pie and was being introduced. He sat plumply through the warm introduction, jowls bulging. A lady up front lit a cigarette that set off a chain reaction throughout the spacious dining hall. Tobacco country.

Morris preferred dogwood. North Carolina, he began, is his favorite Southern state because the dogwoods bloom so well in the spring. Then an anecdote, then another: Morris was piling them up, like the courthouse storyteller, about how Southerners "sneak up on 'em in New York City"; about how James Dickey can't stand an amateur bigot; about how *North toward Home* was the biggest thing to hit Yazoo City, Mississippi (Morris' home town) since Ulysses S. Grant.

Morris entered into a colloquy with a bottle of wine:

How do you compare yourself with William Faulkner?

"You get off the tracks when the Dixie Special comes through." Knowing smiles.

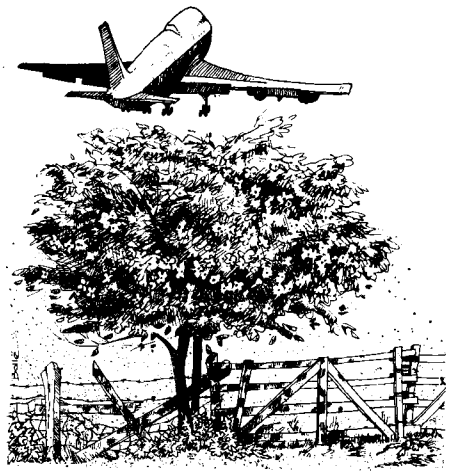
Do you like writing?

"I like it when it's over. Also I like coming down here to Greensboro and being called a writer." Laughter.

What do you like about the South, and about North Carolina?

"The same things: egalitarian individualism, aristocracy of intellect, practical idealism." A cagey answer, and Morris knew it. He ended with the question of how he lives his life:

But, Morris, if you say such nice



things 'bout the South, why don't you come down and settle here?

"Well, I would, I would . . . if the dogwoods bloomed all year long."

A teasing answer: no answer. In *North toward Home*, how had Morris put it? There was that terrible burden he felt whenever he returned to places south, and only when departing did he feel any relief. And so a decade ago he got on that big bird that circled his city twice and then turned north—north toward home. But now, the burden didn't seem so burdensome: now Morris was light-hearted and witty; now he was recollecting delightfully and enjoying the pleasure of his audience. And so you mused: maybe the burden has finally been unpacked. But then why does the man *still* keep house up north, up on Long Island?

Guy Owen, the other speaker, was now being introduced as the "definitely normal and completely exceptional writer." Owen started off with H. L. Mencken and "Sahara of the Bozart," and almost instantly you had it deduced: Owen was as definitely normal as Mencken's old stereotype. "When the touchy Southerner," said Mencken, "attempts a greater urbanity, the result is often even worse." Well, here was the Southerner Owen upset with Mencken, and so in the Fifties he wrote a reply (his word) to "Sahara"—"The Magnolia Curtain," a woeful attempt at a greater urbanity.

OWEN stayed on the defensive, fighting for the South yet pooh-poohing it. He was tired, he said, of bookstores that sell just beer mugs and T-shirts and get-well cards. A good bookstore, where owners really care about books, is a hard thing to find (Mencken: "Nearly the whole of Europe could be lost in that stupendous region of . . . paralyzed cerebrums . . ."). Indeed, not one bookstore in Owen's Bladen County sold even one of his five novels. He reached for an explanation: of course, there are problems nowadays. Past, place, and family have always informed the South's literary tradition, but even his own children, city-bred, have no sense of the past (Mencken: "The old repose is gone. The old romanticism is gone. The philistinism of the new type . . . Southerner is positively antagonistic to the ideals of the Old South"). Maybe, though, the South's literary tradition can continue in new forms. Owen was now getting with it: Southerners yammer a lot about race, but the South needs more blacks (Mencken: "The cornerstone of all their public thinking") and more woman writers. And the South needs more protest poetry and people doing their own thing. The South is . . . too conservative.

Morris was feverishly glancing at

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his watch now, and you remembered that Morris had allowed that he had a big silver bird to catch to Washington, and would the crowd please excuse him if he seemed in a rush. But the length of the speech and the reminder of the airplane weren't the only causes of Morris' spatio-temporal fix: something dark and brooding was pumping up into his face, the old burden plainly aborning, energized by this Owen of Raleigh.

RELIEF came soon. Owen finished and Morris slipped down from the head table as the crowd parted like the Red Sea. Morris was last seen departing the premises, in search of the silver bird.

The lady in green reminded me that she wanted me over for dinner with her family. She would call me real soon, but right now she had to go prepare her Sunday school lesson. She taught. Whom? Adult women.

I went outside into the crisp air, which whipped by, pure and light of the burden that makes men yammer about race and pull up roots and fly forever to parts north. I got into the car and nosed it out onto the boulevard and went east by twenty blocks, and stopped, there to cultivate my garden. □

STARS

JOHN HUTCHINSON

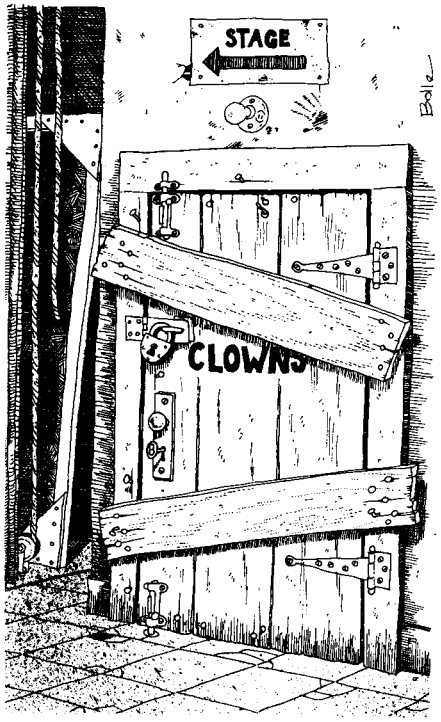
No Clowns Yet

I have always believed that Vera Lynn and Bing Crosby won the Battle of the Atlantic. Who else sustained our wet morale by nightly watch on the evil waters Thirty West of Greenwich?

In all my English days I never caught up with Miss Lynn, but now here I was, walking into the Los Angeles Music Center to pay my respects to the Groaner in Chief. He was giving a benefit performance for the Tarzana Psychiatric Hospital and the Sugar Ray Robinson Foundation. He is 71, and looks better than Muhammad Ali did last time around.

There were no seats, so I spent the evening backstage. Kathryn Crosby was there, and children Harry Crosby III and Mary Frances Crosby. So was Rosemary Clooney, appearing with Mr. Crosby for the first time in eight years.

They say he is tense before he goes



on, and you are told not to speak to him; but backstage he is a strolling man, some of the time in his galluses, doing a soft-shoe now and then, making badinage with the boys. Only the crew and the guests look tense.

He ambled onstage and the audience stood up.

"I'm glad to have the pleasure of your company," he said. The pleasure was all theirs. They know him as one of the most graceful men in the business, but he is also part of their lives. They had come to hear about themselves, and he was ready to ring the changes, striking a chord for every year they had known him. He is the sentiment-bank of a generation.

"Welcome to a celebration of my demicentennial. It is fifty years since I first performed in Los Angeles, at the Boulevard Theater at Washington and Vermont, a few furlongs from here. My partner was Al Rinker. My first song was 'Marylou.' "

It had worked out quite well. "I was in a taxi the other day and the driver said, 'Say, you look like Bing Crosby.' And I said, 'What do you mean, I'm better looking than he is.' And the driver said, 'Mister, if you had his money you wouldn't mind looking like him.' "

He has a whole armory of movements—the bow, the shuffle, the polite and comic fingerpoint, the cant of the head and the owl of the eye and the happy stiffleg walk—as distinctive as his voice, counterpoise to his singing, part of the permanent charm.

He paid high and overdue tribute to another nonpareil, Sugar Ray Robinson, sitting in the front row. Robinson spends his time and style raising funds for poor children's athletics, a champion not for profit.

When Rosemary Clooney first came on, he bowed from the waist, then sat alone in a cane chair back of the wings, listening, tapping his foot and smiling, applauding in the dark when she was done.

He stood next to me watching Rich Little, bouncing gently up and down to the music, smiling again, enjoying somebody else's work. When he walked over to the table where I was talking to stagehand Bill Scamihorn about his union, Bill asked him for an autograph. Waving the pen in fine style over the program, he asked kindly just before he was due to go on: "What would you like me to say?"

If he had sung about Angolan municipal bonds that night, off-key and in Urdu, they would still have taken the roof off; but he sang about the audience instead, and they would have followed him to Hamelin. He finished the first half with the lights down and the place like a chapel, singing "Send in the Clowns." Sending in the clowns is an old circus tradition, something you do when everything goes wrong and the show breaks up, something you do in sorrow. What will they do when he stops singing?

NEXT TIME on he sang with the family. "Take off the boxing gloves, Harry," he told a nervous son on guitar. Kathryn sashayed on to finish a Mexican song with him, but most of the time she stood at the edge, out of sight. Mary Frances sang a pretty thing with her father, and held her mother's hand in the wings while he sang "The Way We Were."

Then he sang 34 songs in a row, and you knew every one. He forgot a line a couple of times, but made it entertaining. He was wholly in charge. It seemed so easy; he was enjoying himself so much; and suddenly and naturally, in the middle of "Mississippi Mud," he looked as young as you ever remembered him, as young as any of us ever were, the songster of our tribe.

He wound up with "Ol' Man River." Joe Bushkin threw away the piano music and everybody gathered in the wings to greet Mr. Crosby as he came off, glad they had been there for another coronation.

Crosby is a man for all the moods in

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all the years you care to think about. We can measure our lives and circumstances by his songs, and weigh all present balladeers against his courtliness and grace. He is one of the High Commoners, wholly without edge or presumption, an aristocrat of self-effacement, an artist without arrogance, a gentleman of the trade; and he has, almost certainly, been listened to with enduring joy by more people than anyone who ever lived.

What can they do when he stops, except send in the clowns? □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

On the Shores Of Lake Keuka

There are four wine regions in New York State, which produces approximately 10 per cent of the wine made in this country, as against California's 70 per cent. The Finger Lakes region is the best-known, a scenic landscape of deep, blue, narrow lakes carved out by glaciers between lovely rolling hills. The rocky soil of these hills is well suited to grape growing, and the waters of the lakes protect the vines from the murderous frosts of upstate winters.

The best-known wine town is Hammondsport, a charming, old-fashioned village, all tree-lined streets, with a village square that sports a weathered octagonal bandstand. Hammondsport's drowsy prettiness belies the fact that it houses a multi-million-dollar industry. The biggest of the wineries (and fifth in the nation, I believe) is the Taylor Wine Company, with its sister, the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, also known as Great Western. Taylor makes 27 different popular-priced wines, of which the Lake Country series (White, Gold, Red, and Pink) are the best known. Taylor wines are made largely from native grapes. They show how careful processing can improve *labrusca*-based wines (I discussed the problems of *labrusca* grapes in my last column, May 14). To drink, they are clean, agreeable, and a little sweet. Responding to the demand for more sophisticated wines, Taylor also offers three "Californewyork" blends: Ruby Cabernet, Emerald Riesling, and Chablis.

Great Western is Taylor's prestige line, with wines made for a more demanding and sophisticated public. Great Western was founded in 1860; it first became famous for its champagne, which began winning prizes in Europe in 1867. It survived Prohibition by making wine for sacramental and medicinal purposes. Great Western was the first vineyard in New York State to make wines entirely from French-American hybrids. The varietals, some of which are vintage-dated, are good, well-made wines; I am especially partial to the Dutchess Rhine Wine, and the two reds, Baco Noir and Chelois. The winery itself is handsome, with a particularly attractive "hospitality room" hollowed out like a wine cellar, where visitors are entertained with samplings of the firm's wines after the winery tour. (Incidentally, all the wineries offer tours and tastings.)

Gold Seal Vineyards is also an old company, founded in 1865, right on the shore of Lake Keuka. The company makes champagnes, sherries, and table wines of varying degrees of quality and sophistication. Gold Seal was lucky to have as its winemaster Charles Fournier, recently retired but still active. He had been winemaker at Veuve Clicquot in Champagne before he came to Gold Seal after Prohibition, and became one of the United States' greatest winemakers. There are two fine wines bottled under the Charles Fournier signature which I, as their ample consumer, heartily recommend. One is the Blanc de Blancs champagne and the other the Chablis Natur; both wines are careful blends, mostly French hybrids with some natives and *vinifera*. The Chablis Natur is a lovely everyday table wine, crisp, light, dry, and reasonably priced.

Vinifera Wine Cellars, high on the hills above Lake Keuka, is the creation of New York State's outstanding wine pioneer, Dr. Konstantin Frank, the man who proved wrong all the experts who had said *vinifera* could not be grown in New York. Born of German parents in the Ukraine, he taught viticulture and enology there, organized collective farms, and planted over two thousand acres of vines while director of the state experimental station in Odessa. When the Nazis overran the USSR in World War II they took him to Germany; he finally came to the U.S. in 1951 with a wife, three children, and $40. Knowing no English, he lived in a slum and worked as a dishwasher, saving a little money to go to the Geneva Agricultural Station. He labored there in menial jobs until Charles Fournier gave him a chance by hiring him as a consultant. In 1953, Dr. Frank founded his Vinifera Wine Cellars, some seventy rolling acres with scores of *vinifera* vines, including exotic Russian varieties that are very resistant to the cold. From his *vinifera* grapes, Dr. Frank has made some of the finest wines in the U.S., notably Johannisberg Rieslings, which compare with some of Germany's best. His wines are made with a minimum of the winemaking manipulations used for New York *vin ordinaire*.

Dr. Frank is a fiery man, outspoken on the subject of hybrid grapes, which he considers worthless at best, and of the over-processing of most American wines. This has made him many enemies among the New York State wine producers who find *vinifera* grapes too difficult and costly to manage. It has made him an equal number of friends among lovers of fine wines. I shall always remember Dr. Frank's farmhouse high on the hill, where he and his wife gave me lunch and told me the extraordinary story of their lives, indeed a triumph of the will to survive and to create beauty and joy.

Another controversial figure in the Hammondsport region is Walter Taylor, the owner of the Bully Hill Wine Company, from whose hilltop winery you have the most beautiful view of Lake Keuka. He is the grandson of the founder of Taylor and worked for the firm until 1970, when he was ousted for openly criticizing New York State wineries for their use of water and out-of-state wines to reduce the acidity of the local grapes. Walter Taylor makes his wines from the French-American hybrids, in a line that includes vintage-dated varietals and a Bully Hill Red, White, and Rosé. Together with his German-trained winemaker and vineyardist Herrmann Wiemer, Walter Taylor makes wines that are to my mind the best of all hybrid wines, and recognized as such by a sophisticated public. Their style is full-flavored and individual, and frequently reminiscent of European table wines. They prove that when made with care and skill, French hybrid wines can be indeed a pleasure to drink. □

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BOOKS

Pons Asinorum

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

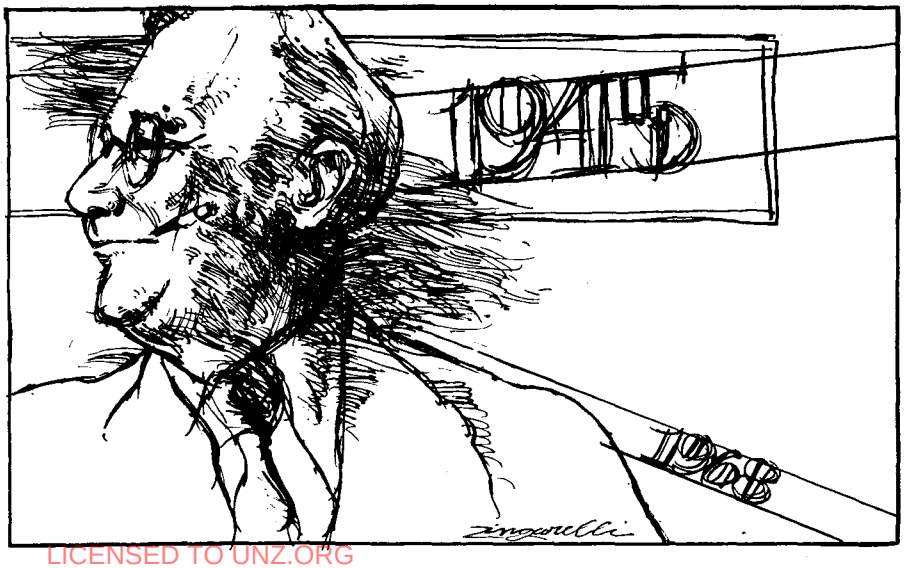
The Democrats
By Herbert S. Parmet
Macmillan, 384 pp., $12.95

If, as I have long contended, the Democratic Party is the primary cancer on the American body politic, one must nevertheless admire the protean vitality of this ancient conspiracy against good government. It has existed in basically its present form for more than 140 of America's 200 years, seldom motivated by anything higher than an unyielding determination to seize and hold power. It was almost destroyed in the mid-nineteenth century by its close identification with slavery and secession, but survived to become the official opposition to the rising business interests centered in the GOP, and then swept back into power under Franklin Roosevelt as the chosen vehicle of America's third and perhaps most arrogant Establishment: that of the modern liberals.

Today, as that liberal Establishment reels under a huge public backlash against the monster government it promoted, the enormous welfare class it sponsored, and the cockamamie economics it peddled for forty years, an optimist might be forgiven for supposing that the Democratic Party is in trouble. Maybe so, but don't count it out: it rarely sticks around for the crash landings. It dragged America into an Asian war it had no strategy for winning, then left that baby on the GOP's doorstep and campaigned in 1972 as the peace party. It has saddled this country with social-welfare commitments no Administration can conceivably meet—and is now coolly setting up Gerald Ford to take the fall for not meeting them.

Certainly the Republican Party no longer represents any serious threat to the Democrats. Thanks to its fastidious and apparently ineradicable distaste for people who don't wear neckties, the GOP is slipping quietly into senile irrelevance. It is plain as a pikestaff that some new political grouping will have to be devised to give the moribund liberal Establishment its final shove, and to serve thereafter as the vehicle of its successor. Not inconceivably, the Democratic Party may turn the trick itself. Meanwhile, the story of this indestructible old fraud's ups and downs since the death of Franklin Roosevelt in 1945 is a fascinating one, and deserves a vivid recounting. Unfortunately, Professor Parmet's book falls far short of providing one.

These last three decades in the Democratic Party's gaudy history have seen the steady loosening and final break-up of the FDR coalition that four times led the party to triumph. They witnessed the 1948 insurgencies of both the Dixiecrats and Henry Wallace's Progressives, and their defeat (and Dewey's) by cocky little Harry Truman; the rise, decline, and ultimate evanescence of that strange bird of paradise, Adlai Stevenson; the great days of Camelot; the agony of Dallas; LBJ's Great Society and his subsequent spectacular fall from grace; the 1968 Chicago Convention with its hippies and its "police riot"; the Wallace insurgency; the zany McGovern phenomenon of 1972; and finally, the resignation of Richard Nixon under the threat of impeachment by a Democratic Congress. What Theodore White could do—has in large part actually done—with such materials!



ABOUT THE best that can be said for Professor Parmet's book, however, is that he appears to have been diligent in researching it. He tells us he interviewed personally just about every leading Democrat still alive, from Jim Farley to Tom Eagleton; he also listened to the taped interviews deposited in various libraries by dozens more who have gone to their putative reward; he pored over the Tom Connally Papers, the Alben Barkley Papers, and scores of similar caches; his bibliography of the published volumes he consulted is genuinely impressive. But the net product is a surprisingly colorless, over-detailed, and pedestrian account of what hap-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE JUNE TITLES: Smoking marijuana will apparently not make hair grow on your palms, but it *will* cause a major psychoactive substance to accumulate in your sex glands, says Dr. Gabriel C. Nahas in *Keep Off the Grass! A Scientist's Documented Account of Marijuana's Destructive Effects* (Reader's Digest Press, $6.95). . . . Ellen Frankfort, author of *Vaginal Politics*, seems to have become the *Village Voice*'s Brendan Gill: her new book is *The Voice: Life at the Village Voice* (Morrow, $9.95). Flattering it is not. . . . Thomas E. Patterson and Robert D. McClure argue that the three major TV networks don't say enough about presidential candidates to bend anybody's mind, in *The Unseeing Eye: The Myth of Television Power in National Elections* (Putnam, $7.95). . . . Noel B. Gerson has produced a book about the woman who made "Uncle Tom" a fighting phrase: *Harriet Beecher Stowe: A Biography* (Praeger, $8.95). . . . Calling Garry Wills! Infected though it might have been by the specter of "Trumanism," the period 1945-50 has nevertheless been written up by Joseph C. Goulden as *The Best Years* (Atheneum, $15).

Joel Carmichael's *Stalin's Masterpiece: The Show Trials and Purges of the Thirties—The Consolidation of the Bolshevik Dictatorship* (St. Martin's, $10) describes crimes that Khrushchev in 1956 could only hint at, inasmuch as most of the Soviet leadership had participated in them. . . . John G. Hubbell has written *POW: A Definitive History of the American Prisoner-of-War Experience in Vietnam 1969-1973* (Reader's Digest Press, $15). POWs have seen the future and it stinks. . . . William Manners, in *Patience and Fortitude: Fiorello La Guardia* (Harcourt Brace, $12.95), describes the life of The Little Flower That Could. . . . Robert Penn Warren's *Selected Poems: 1923-1975* (Random House, $12.50) contains ten poems that have apparently never before appeared between boards. . . . Neal R. Peirce examines the seedbed of American idealism—and worse—in *The New England States: People, Politics, and Power in Six New England States* (Norton, $12.95). . . . Reacting to this one, even Harriet Van Horne temporarily forgot the plight of pregnant women to defend "the purity" of our English language: *Words and Women: Reality Askew in the English Language* (Doubleday/Anchor, $7.95), in which Casey Miller and Kate Swift argue that sexist language and habits relegate women to the role of a sub-species.

■ SNEAK JULY PREVIEW: The widower of Jacqueline Susann, the worst people's best novelist, is going on the road shortly to stump for his late wife's literary legacy: *Dolores* (Morrow, $6.95), about the jet-setting, dough-burning widow of an assassinated President of the United States.

pened then and what happened next, useful chiefly (if at all) as the political science text I suspect it was designed to be.

Worse yet, in some ways, it is written in what I greatly fear may be the standard academic prose of our diminished age: e.g., "the margin of his miscalculation may have been given dividends by the enhanced position the President had won among Negroes and liberals" and "the younger generation was seeking new directions that were most decidedly headed in a forward path." Professor Parmet's fondness for the phrase "the Democratic umbrella," however, inspires him to put that wheezing metaphor to uses that are surely his alone: on page 288 he discusses "the profile of the Democratic umbrella"; on page 315 we are told that "the Democratic umbrella was thus becoming redefined and being given a new focus."

More serious, in structural terms, is the lopsided emphasis on relatively minor subjects, while major ones are almost totally neglected. There is less than a line, for example, about the deadly impact on viewers of the pro-McGovern weirdos who dominated television coverage of the 1972 Democratic Convention in Miami Beach and started McGovern down the road to his landslide defeat, but seven and a half pages (2.5 per cent of the entire text) are devoted to the 1964 tribulations of a black splinter called the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party.

I found, to Professor Parmet's credit, comparatively little evidence of bias in his book; but on reflection that may be just the trouble. Plenty of people have loved the Democratic Party and sustained it; plenty more have hated it, and it has battened on their detestation. Both types have written good books on the party. But perhaps it simply wilts under the gaze of a conscientious neutral. If so, let's have a more prejudiced account. Nobody would seriously expect a history of the Democratic Party to be morally uplifting, but surely it doesn't have to be dull. □

Hostage to the Devil
By Malachi Martin
Reader's Digest Press, 477 pp., $9.95

SERMON OF ADMONITION

JOHN NICOLA

Malachi Martin's *Hostage to the Devil* purports to be a documentary study of five exorcisms performed in the United States during the past 11 years. Conveniently enough, each case represents some attitude that is prevalent in our society and that is most poignantly illustrated by the possessed person; thus the five cases are bound into one neat, logical book which, in a way, is a sermon of admonition to modern man.

"Zio's Friend and the Smiler" focuses on an exaggerated subjectivism that makes the individual will a norm by which good and evil are evaluated. In "Father Bones and Mister Natch" the ogre is a Teilhardian rationalism or naturalism that blinds us to supernatural truths. The case of "Uncle Ponto and the Mushroom-Souper" addresses that psychological personalism which searches for the ultimate end of earthly life in oneself and one's interpersonal relationships. "The Virgin and the Girl-Fixer" examines the fashionable probing of human sexuality to its darkest depths. Finally, the impact of parapsychology upon our understanding of the relationship of psyche to spirit is explored in "The Rooster and the Tortoise."

It immediately becomes clear that a book which purports to be a documentary study of exorcism and, at the same time, moralizes on problems of modern life must be read on various levels. Three aspects of *Hostage to the Devil* require comment: its credibility and

Linda Bridges *is Assistant Managing Editor of* NR. . . . **John Lukacs'** *latest book is* The Last European War. . . . **Robert W. Merry** *is a staff writer for the* National Observer. . . . **Father John Nicola** *teaches at Georgetown Preparatory in Maryland.* . . . **M. J. Sobran Jr.** *is almost* always *on the cover of* NR. . . . **Allen G. Weakland** *is founding a magazine devoted to "normative culture."*

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importance as a documentary; its nonfactual characteristics; and its function as conveyer of a conscious message.

There is no substantial reason to challenge the author's assertion that he knows and has interviewed the principals in the five cases and that, save for a change of names and other identifying details, the basic facts of each case are correct. During the past few years, spent principally in Europe, I have had occasion to aid in the investigation of possessions and to assist at the exorcism of four people whose symptoms and treatment were similar to those described by Martin. One near-certainty is that the bishops involved did not allow him to read the case histories, which are usually filed in diocesan archives: such permission is rarely granted. Church officials generally make exorcism reports inaccessible to the curious, in the interests of both protecting the exorcised and shielding society from epidemics of hysteria such as those surrounding Tarantism and witchcraft in the past. For these reasons, the exorcist and his assistants have often been sworn to secrecy.

Granted, however, that the basic facts of Martin's book are correct, it is clear that the form in which he presents them is, at best, that of the historical novel: at every turn the author evinces a most vivid imagination. He has the novelist's picturesque imagery and the romanticist's glamorous vision of reality. When I worked as technical consultant to the director and the producer of the movie version of *The Exorcist*, I was impressed by their desire to trace and to emphasize the painstaking steps in the investigation that generally precedes a solemn public exorcism. Contrary to what Martin indicates, this investigation is often directed by a non-exorcist, a sort of "devil's advocate," who draws upon the expertise of both doctors and scientists. For the reader who wants information that will help him arrive at his own conclusions about the credibility of possession and exorcism, *The Exorcist*, despite some appeal to sensationalism, is a far more valuable resource than *Hostage to the Devil*.

That Malachi Martin's philosophical and theological message is consciously presented is clear from his introductory "Short Handbook of Exorcism." His thought is compatible with that of the Church except on one important point: the culpability of the possessed. While Martin alleges that there is a moment at which the energumen must freely admit the invading spirit—an implicit argument for culpability—the introduction to the rite of exorcism in *The Roman Ritual* avers that possession is not necessarily a divine retribution visited on a grievous sinner; sometimes the victim is entirely without fault. An obvious case of this sort is the boy in the ninth chapter of Mark's Gospel who has been afflicted by an evil spirit from infancy. It is my personal experience that in most cases the energumen is a good and innocent person, the spiritual "big fish" who draws out all the venom of the diabolical angler.

To BELIEVERS who are prepared to admit not only the existence of personified evil but also the possibility that that evil can usurp the control of a man's lower faculties while the use of his higher powers is suspended, the author will probably come across as a bit naïve. The Devil, the author of deceit and lies, is a master propagandist. Men who have been involved in solemn public exorcisms are usually very guarded; they are unwilling to expose their statements to twisting or misuse. They are, for example, most uncommunicative about the sexual manifestations of possession. Father Adolf Rodewyk S.J., the venerable exorcist of the diocese of Frankfurt, Germany, told me: "To me a marked cleanliness and purity in thought and word are important traits in an exorcist." In marked contrast to this code are Martin's explicit descriptions of the same sexual deviations that the exorcists themselves are unwilling to discuss. If I were to give a reason for my refusal to write a similar book for a New York publisher, I should cite my fear of confusion about motives and the vulnerability of my work to abuse, as well as my respect for confidentiality.

Hostage to the Devil will reward the reader who is looking for an interesting and well-written novel or for an insight into the dimension of faith in modern intellectual movements. To one who is looking for a documentary that will help him solve his own problems of belief in the reality of spirit, the book will prove disappointing. Its greatest shortcoming is that it fails to assert how much we do not know.

The Church is loath to use the sufferings of the possessed as a clinical experiment for doubters and scoffers. Truths of faith cannot be proven in a laboratory. □

The Existential Pleasures of Engineering
By Samuel C. Florman
St. Martin's, 160 pp., $7.95

THE EXISTENTIAL PLEASURES OF SNOBBERY

D. KEITH MANO

I overheard passion at Sal's Pizza the other day. "Sheeze," Sal said, "that must be the best part. Sheeze, wish I could've seen that." He was engrossed, his engrossing stomach, an occupational hazard, thrown half across the counter. Well, I listened: small tradesmen don't often expose such sharp, guileless desire. TV, I guessed, or bowling or last week's tornado. But, no: It was a machine. Sal's friend had been explaining apple tarts, their mass manufacture. Machine tactics were mapped out on a napkin: specifically that best part, the marvelous tart-wrapping operation. And I thought, Sheeze, yes. I love factories. They are sublime as any mountain. Particularly, for me, the ancient, abandoned ones. Aimless chimneys and flaking red brick and ghosts of spent man-hours. Give me the right advance, I'll put together a coffee table volume to rip out your optic nerve. We had better make some record before long. The species is endangered.

Samuel Florman's mother wouldn't have been more inclined to give *The Existential Pleasures of Engineering* a good review. My last novel, after all, was anti-environmentalist. And Florman can write. He pigsticks Reich, Ellul, Dubos, Mumford, Roszak—those who have jumped so profitably on the anti-technological bandwagon (you know the anti-technological band-

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wagon: it has square wheels). Re primitivist romanticism: "I can see no evidence that frequent contact with nature is essential to human well-being." Re the so-called tyranny of materialism: "We only need look at . . . the underdeveloped nations . . . to see that exploitation is not proportionate to technological advance." Of course only man can pollute. By definition. And it is man-ness, not mess or danger, that environmentalists find uncouth. The most loathsome and destructive pollution I've ever seen was a plague of inchworms. After just three days spring had been recalled by its manufacturer: not one leaf for miles. But that wasn't pollution, that was nature. Give me automobile graveyards any day.

THERE IS a gross elitism in the environmentalist movement. Florman understands that. "It is strategically convenient for the anti-technologist to discount the expressed feeling of the average citizen." "For even when the ordinary man considers himself happy —at a ballgame or a vacation camp, watching television or listening to a jukebox, playing with a pinball machine or eating hot dogs—we are told that he is only being fooled into *thinking* that he is happy." "The anti-technologists fancy themselves to be the gods who can tell the difference. They charge technologists with having formed an elite class. But what is a little extra knowledge about machines compared to the god-like knowledge that they claim for themselves?" The problem is style, not content: middle-class values offend. I'd like to put Roszak or Reich in a small room with Sal. Materialism is vulgar: unless it's the kind of materialism known as "dialectical." Marx's lifeless, mechanical world view is exempted. Probably because, unlike a crass American stereo or TV, it doesn't work.

Nor, unfortunately, does the book. Machines *are* beautiful; men *must* make things; engineers *have* improved the quality of life. That should be self-evident. But Florman doesn't really trust his material. The anti-technologists have suckered him into playing their game: elitism. Florman stocks up on quotations from Golding, Valéry, Wordsworth, Arnold, Whitman, and several dozen others—plus a full chapter on handhewn hardware in Homer and the Old Testament. This embarrasses somewhere around chapter eight. By that time Florman's page layouts look as if they'll collapse: indented quotations so narrow, so in need of engineering, they can't support those fat, heavy paragraphs above. "The unpleasant truth is that today's engineers appear to be a drab lot." Florman's book serves as his personal disclaimer: I'm an engineer and, look, I'm also immensely well-read. No drab lot for Florman; he won't play pinball or eat hot dogs. Sad, but I report it: Florman is just another kind of snob.

The jacket bio says, "Co-owner of Kreisler Borg Florman Construction Company." Dammit, I'd like to know if Florman has ever *built* anything. Gotten pleasure from it. The text won't tell you. Some line of work—that hasn't produced one memorable occasion in a lifetime. It's as if he were ashamed. Florman has set aside all of one page for "creativity." At no point can we guess how an engineer functions. The creative process is a hobby of mine: I think most people are fascinated by the analogies to metaphor-making, to discovery, in art and science and mathematics. Florman ignores this; he prefers to build himself a literate bibliography. Yet analogies must exist in the profession. There must be a distinctive creativity. *The Existential Pleasures of Engineering* would be more valuable if it had something to do with the existential pleasures of engineering. □

The Conditions of Freedom
By Harry V. Jaffa
Johns Hopkins, 280 pp., $12.50

GOVERNING FREE MEN

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

This remarkably unheralded collection of essays and reviews might have been called by the title of a book by Bernard Crick: *In Defense of Politics*. In this book, Harry V. Jaffa undertakes to define and to vindicate the activity of governing free men, confronting several forms of the apparent paradox contained in that phrase: "governing free men." For, as both totalitarians and anarchists insist, it would seem that we are unfree exactly in proportion as we are governed by other men.

This is an old and Hydra-headed problem, and if Professor Jaffa has not laid it to rest forever (he hasn't, and would be the last to say he had), at least he has lopped off a few of the more menacing heads it has lately borne. He notes, in a fine essay on Thoreau and Lincoln, that anarchism has always been able to find color for its claims in the American tradition itself: in our revolutionary heritage, our belief in limited government, our essentially negative view of government even when we are justifying it, as in *The Federalist*, No. 51. Jaffa seeks the answer to Thoreau's challenge in the wisdom of Aristotle and Lincoln (both of whom he discusses at length in other essays), who regard government as "required not only to overcome the ills of human nature, but to give scope to the good." For it is "political community" that provides the "conditions" that foster civility and friendship. "Thoreau's strictures against law and constitutional majority rule can only lead not to rule by a 'wise minority' but to lawless tyranny." For Thoreau's "conscience" and "principle" are themselves "asocial" or, as Thoreau himself unabashedly puts it, "essentially revolutionary," dividing citizen against citizen—indeed, making nonsense of the idea of citizenship.

JAFFA APPROACHES the matter from other points of view. In a discussion of "political obligation," he returns to what is for him the test-case of the very idea of political legitimacy: the evil institution of slavery in the United States. And, in a brilliant passage, he argues *for* the South, as it might have done for itself had it possessed the wisdom. The large Negro population of the South, he says, constituted an apparent danger to the well-being of whites, and arguments against abolition might have rested on the ground that slavery was justifiable as an anticipatory measure in self-defense, a matter of prudence within the rights of the Southern states to decide for themselves as the parties concerned. But, says Jaffa, the South let itself be goaded into praising slavery as

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a positive good, sanctioned by supposed racial differences, rather than defending it as a necessary evil—a fatal mistake, entailing self-defeating demands that new U.S. territories be opened to slavery. Sectional positions were consequently hardened, and emancipation came anyway, though without giving slaveowners the compensation to which they were lawfully—*and therefore morally*—entitled. For the idea of "political obligation" means that no regime may simply repudiate commitments made by itself or its predecessor. The South's rigidity enabled the North to make just such a repudiation with the appearance of righteousness. The institution of slavery, recognized (however ambiguously) in the Constitution, was retroactively, and unfairly, delegitimized. One section was forced to pay a national debt.

In his scrupulous exposition of the case for the South, Jaffa reminds one of Richard Weaver's remark that an excellence of the educated mind is its ability to entertain dispassionately even convictions opposite to its own. He emulates Lincoln in being large enough to see that the real issue is not simply which side was "right." (Sometimes, as Chesterton puts it, we may have no right to be right.) Rather, the real issue is whether, in the face of differences so vast, it is possible to preserve the "political community" (the *polis* within which Aristotle said we must find our fulfillment as men), or worth while to try. With Lincoln, he answers: Yes.

The heart of the book is a long exposition of Aristotle's *Politics*, which it would be futile to summarize here beyond saying that it richly explains the difference between the *polis* and what we call the "state." And that it will leave any attentive reader well-armed against both totalitarian and anarchist. It is this understanding of the *polis* that informs nearly every article in the book, and makes Jaffa so rewarding to read even when—as in his study of *King Lear*—his political insights are inappropriate to his specific subject matter. For it is almost the test of such insights that they survive their misapplication. □

Spandau: The Secret Diaries
By Albert Speer
Translated by Richard and Clara Winston
Macmillan, 463 pp., $13.95

BEYOND THE BLACK FOREST

ROBERT W. MERRY

The trouble with this prison memoir is that it is so engrossing a prison memoir. That is to say, Speer's narrative of the droning, numbing Spandau years is graced with such piquancy and simple humanity that it would be easy to miss the book's essential significance.

In his unadorned yet vivid style, the author effectively captures all the mundanities of prison life—the constant battle against ennui; the wary, sometimes touching interaction between prisoners and guards; the shudder that went through Speer when one of the guards shared the happy news of his daughter's birth and it occurred to Speer that he probably would still be there to hear the news of her wedding.

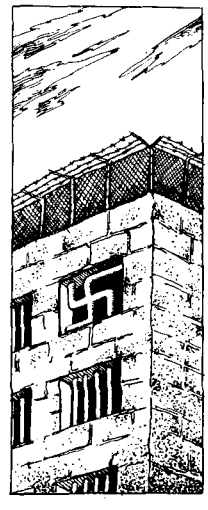
There are also penetrating portraits of Speer's fellow condemned, the high and mighty of a mighty empire, now reduced to the lowest circumstances. And Speer's intermittent flashbacks to the Nazi years, adding further insights to the revelations of his *Inside the Third Reich*, make for compelling reading as well. Beyond all that, though, is the relentless effort of Albert Speer to assess Albert Speer, and it is in these exercises of self-examination that the book's true significance is to be found. In painfully analyzing how it happened that he was swept into that vortex of war and havoc, Speer reveals a good bit not only about himself but also about the regime he served.

Such introspection wasn't evidenced by Speer's fellow inmates, who simply dismissed the Nuremberg ritual as victor's justice. Logically and legally, they were probably right. But Speer assumed the burden of guilt for the entire Reich. And with that burden he also accepted the legitimacy of his twenty-year sentence and the imperative to eschew simple, reflexive explanations about his eventful past.

But it wasn't always easy. For example, when word filtered into Spandau that deportation of German workers was continuing even in 1947, the juices of self-righteousness were stimulated anew among Speer's fellow prisoners. But for Speer, the news was an assault on his own conduct at the trial. "The conviction that my sentence is 'unjust' because 'the others' are making the same mistake would make me more unhappy than the sentence itself," Speer protested to his diary. "For then there would be no hope for the civilized world." Clinging to the philosophical underpinnings of his Nuremberg behavior even as the Allies mocked them, Speer derived a measure of solace from the practical view that his sentence might accelerate the return of a few German prisoners. Such was the price of contrition.

As DIFFICULT as it was to salvage meaning from his entombment in Spandau, the more difficult effort for Speer was making sense of how he got there. Not surprisingly, it began with Adolf Hitler.

One summer day in 1949, Speer was startled to realize he no longer felt a trace of loyalty toward his former mentor and patron. "Is this betrayal?" he asked, and answered: Yes. But "loyalty to a monster cannot be." Still, Speer was haunted by the thought that he harbored some inherent instinct always to succumb to the spirit of the times—first to the Nazi Zeitgeist, then to the total condemnation of Nazism.



Was Albert Speer led astray by the promise of fame and the chance to produce great architecture? Or was he actually led to his own true nature by Hitler's vision and force of personality? Looking at the architectural philosophy he had held in the Thirties, Speer concludes it was the latter. The things he wanted to build—which Hitler approved—reflected his essential alienation from modernity, his distaste for big cities and the people they produced, his incomprehension of the popular amusements and frivolities of his own generation.

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Thus it seems that Speer did in fact rebel against a Zeitgeist, the Zeitgeist of modernity, of high-brow exhibitions and midnight revues, of lively, clever, cynical wit: in short, against the spirit of the avant-garde West, so evident in Berlin before 1933.

Seen in that perspective, Speer becomes a stunning personification of the German predicament during the first half of the twentieth century. Despising the Communism of the East, distrusting the crass Enlightenment of the West, imbued with a deep sense of Black Forest romanticism and yet thoroughly the product of twentieth century technics, Germany—and Speer—set out in quest of what historian George Mosse has called "a third way," a thoroughly German system eschewing both English capitalism and Marxist socialism. It was a futile quest, not to say a foolhardy one—and fraught with all kinds of potential for sickening abuse, as the 1945 revelations attest. But it may also have been an inevitable quest.

In any event, there is no third way in the postwar world. And it is no accident that Speer, during his Spandau years, began rethinking many of his old architectural attitudes, abandoning his fascination with massive, fortresslike grandeur in favor of the humanism of the French early Renaissance. Perhaps, muses Speer, it was also Hitler who led him to these new perceptions. "Without the experiences and insights I acquired as a result of those years with him," he writes, "would I ever have learned that all historical grandeur means less than a modest gesture of humaneness?" He then adds: "How strangely I find my viewpoints shifting." □

Uncle of Europe: The Social and Diplomatic Life of Edward VII
By Gordon Brook-Shepherd
Harcourt Brace, 384 pp., $12.95

GOD SAVE MY DAD

JOHN LUKACS

Edward VII was a blowzy old thing, immensely corpulent, wheezing his way through life; he was a not very grateful son and an indifferent father; he was the husband of a beautiful wife whom he betrayed by the dozen; he was self-indulgent, a habitual debtor, surrounded by cosmopolitan sycophants and money-lenders; he depended greatly on the pleasures and the comforts of the flesh. He was also generous, humorous, peace-loving, patriotic, informal, knowledgeable; he had a tremendous sixth sense of proportion and of occasion; he was thoroughly regal, whether in or out of uniform.

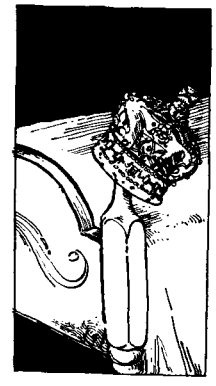
His name lives on as the marker of a period in English history, of a style, of a brief and opulent aftermath to the great era marked by his mother's name, which is applied to the history of entire continents over which she never reigned. To confine him to this association is insufficient.

Edward VII was the last great king of England. No one knew this then; we ought to think about it now. He was, in all probability, the last great king in the nearly two-thousand-year history of that unique institution of the white race, the hereditary monarchy.

By calling Edward "great" I mean simply this: he had a decisive influence on the course of his kingdom. He shaped great events. He was a constitutional monarch, but he overrode his ministers on occasion, contravening the then-established practice of the English constitution.

ALL OF THIS happened at a time when the influence of what goes by the name of "society" in England and in Europe held sway over more than the merely decorative. It was here that Edward's sense of proportion and of occasion were most important. He was a master of the delicate ways by which to influence people. He, the champion sexual practitioner, instinctively knew something that his contemporary, the sexual theorist Freud, did not: the enormous motive passion of vanity, beneath and above all carnal desires.

Gordon Brook-Shepherd's book carries an Edwardian subtitle: *The Social and Diplomatic Life of Edward VII.* Brook-Shepherd, a thoroughly civilized European Englishman and the author of excellent and thoughtful books about Austria, his second *patrie*, understands how impossible Edward's interventions are to quantify. In this respect, his book opens up a third phase in the evolving opinion of Edward. At first, many people accepted the exaggerated legends according to which Edward VII was the mastermind of British diplomacy. Later historians, drawing on papers of some of the King's ministers, especially those of Lansdowne, tended to assert that in reality the King made few decisions that changed the course of British foreign policy. This argument misses the nature of the subtle—and sometimes not so subtle—influences that Edward exercised throughout Europe. Brook-Shepherd has now redressed the balance. He has found all kinds of interesting papers in private hands across the Continent and in England; but they do not create his thesis, they sustain his insight.



He is very good on the relationship between the uncle Edward VII and his nephew Wilhelm II of Germany. The two men cordially disliked each other; indeed, the uncle disliked the nephew more than the nephew disliked the uncle. In retrospect, and on the evidence of many documents, it also seems that the dangerous deterioration of the Anglo-German relationship was not entirely Wilhelm's fault. But what remains supremely true, as Brook-Shepherd's often unpretentious narrative shows, is the standard opinion of Wilhelm's monumental tactlessness. The Kaiser often acted like the worst kind of nouveau riche; what was worse, his acts and his words often played straight into his opponents' hands. Wilhelm, like Hitler a generation later, had his own love-hate relationship with the English. Edward, like Churchill a generation later (who was an Edwardian, not a Victorian, character), understood what the Germans were up to, whereas on crucial occasions Wilhelm, like Hitler, failed to understand the English. Edward liked and knew how to flatter Americans; and, perhaps even more than Churchill—and certainly more than most of his countrymen—King Edward was thoroughly European in his appetites, in his interests, in his judgment. He knew that it was on the Continent, and not in the transoceanic dominions, that the future of Great Britain was to be decided; and he was right.

I suggested earlier that "Edwardian" refers but to an era in English history, whereas "Victorian" is an historical adjective bandied about worldwide. Millions of words have been written on the

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Edwardian era in England, but the relationship of the English people to King Edward remains enigmatic. Was he more or less popular than Victoria? Perhaps less; but it is difficult to tell. There remains the evidence from a popular broadsheet hawked in London streets at the King's funeral, which Gordon Brook-Shepherd does not cite since the main subject of his book is Edward and Europe, not Edward and the people of England:

Greatest sorrow England ever had
When death took away our dear Dad;
A king was he from head to sole,
Loved by his people one and all.
His mighty work for the Nation,
Making peace and strengthening Union—
Always at it since on the throne,
Saved the country more than one billion.

He did not save the country one billion; but he was the last king of whom any of his people would think as their Dad. □

Toward a Planned Society
By Otis L. Graham Jr.
Oxford, 357 pp., $11.95

GOVERNMENT BY ACRONYM

ALLEN G. WEAKLAND

Nothing is so monotonous to behold as an idea whose time has passed. National planning is a concept which has been buffeted about by the winds of public discourse ever since the Great Depression first punched holes in many people's confidence in traditional laissez-faire capitalism. Through the ensuing years, it has won many advocates and stealthily gained ground, riding the back of numerous government programs, even while disguising itself behind a shroud of bureaucratic euphemisms. Thus to argue today, as Otis L. Graham Jr. does in *Toward a Planned Society*, that we are at a crossroads at which we must decide finally to discard our traditional fears of government planning and take the plunge, would be like calling today for a staunch anti-Japanese foreign policy.

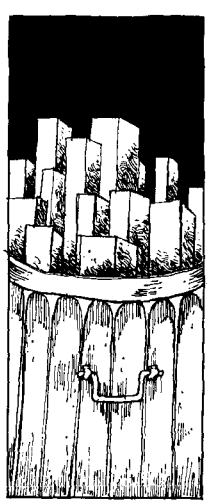
Graham, who is a professor of history at the University of California at Santa Barbara, has set out to write a concise history of the planning idea in the United States, from Franklin Roosevelt to Richard Nixon. Unfortunately, his attempt is marred by his constant proselytizing for the cause he seeks to elucidate. Graham gives short shrift to conservative opposition; his rhetoric seems designed to portray opponents of planning as narrow-minded, short-sighted, red-necked reactionaries.

He divides his chapters on the basis of presidential Administrations, and attempts to describe progress in the field of planning during each, from Roosevelt's to Nixon's, with a brief word on the Ford Presidency. He distinguishes typographically between planning and Planning, depending upon whether the government's goal is an adjustment of particular sub-sections of the economy or a broad national program. But the question arises, Just whose finger is on the upper-case key? Where does planning end and Planning begin?

Graham asserts that Americans have never quite accepted government planning for various reasons, most of which are attributable to the fear of socialism. Thus, he believes, Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal experiments are ultimately reducible to "the Broker State": haphazard government intervention in the economy, with no concise plan of action. Beyond this condition, he suggests, the succeeding Administrations never quite progressed. Truman was too enamored of the system which had raised him from obscurity to change it. Eisenhower, while wishing to dismantle the New Deal, found it impossible to budge the bureaucracy. Kennedy didn't live long enough to redirect the government as he might have wished. While Johnson, one of the last of the Broker State liberals, presided over plenty of feverish activity, he—because of Vietnam and his own New Deal loyalties—gave the bureaucracy no real direction. Meanwhile, little by little, the government inched its way into income redistribution, population planning, land use regulation, urban development, "national growth," and countless other fields which traditionally had belonged to the private sector.

It has often been said that only a confirmed cold warrior like Richard Nixon could have gotten away with making overtures to Red China without raising a furor among the citizenry. Well, the same is true of Nixon's dabbling in domestic policy, where he made some of the boldest leaps in planning since FDR himself. It is symbolic, in this sense, that Nixon's very first Executive Order established the Urban Affairs Council (his career thus spanning the gap between HUAC and UAC). This was the first step toward a national growth policy. Despite talk of the decentralization that would follow from revenue sharing, there was never any doubt that it was the Federal Government that was in the driver's seat. Only when Nixon was threatened by Watergate and required strong conservative support in Congress to retain the Presidency did he retreat from supporting more massive federal programs.

Graham castigates opponents of planning for their irrational equation of planning with socialism: "Those who fear ought to fear more moderately and for the very long run." Unfortunately, if one is to polemicize effectively in the political arena, one must speak in terms of the short run, which are the only terms a lot of people understand. (Has Mr. Graham forgotten that it was that prince of liberal economists who, when accosted by the very same argument Graham employs, shot back: "In the long run we are all dead"?) Mr. Graham may rest assured that it is *still* the long run which preoccupies conservatives. As John Chamberlain wrote some time ago, when a government can interfere with human choices between good and evil, there is no guarantee that the mistake it imposes upon the populace will not be "a total mistake." Graham himself unwarily presents the strongest possible argument against planning when he writes, in his introduction, that when we learn to plan our future we will then "be ready for the next step, the recognition that our crisis leaps over borders, that we are one world." (Mr. Willkie employed the upper case



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for that phrase: perhaps Mr. Graham is of the two the more subtle polemicist.) Is it any wonder that conservatives fret about "the long run"? □

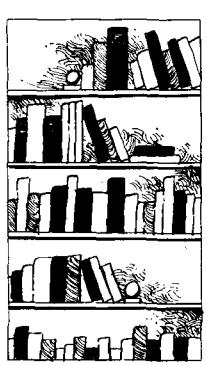
Published in Paris
By Hugh Ford
Macmillan, 453 pp., $14.95

OVER THERE

LINDA BRIDGES

Times have changed: nowadays, books that are banned in Paris can be published in Boston. But between the wars, France was hospitable, America and England stern; young writers flocked to Paris and produced one of the most concentrated chunks of our literary history. The adoptive Parisians ranged from Joyce, Hemingway, Pound, Beckett, and part-time residents Lawrence and Ford, to Gertrude Stein and Henry Miller, to the dozens whom no one thinks of now except in connection with their more memorable confrères.

Along with the writers came the publishers. Most of them were dedicated to publishing young writers, including themselves, whom the established publishers wouldn't touch. One or two took a nose-thumbing pleasure in publishing only books that had already been banned in England or America, with or without redeeming aesthetic value. Some were as interested in the printing itself as in the books printed: Nancy Cunard, with her Hours Press, did much of her own hand-setting until it started to bore her; the Harrison Press specialized in double editions—25 or so copies in fine bindings, plus a few hundred more plebeian copies. In a class by herself was Sylvia Beach, whose publishing was totally ad hoc: when no one else would bring out *Ulysses*, she volunteered, although she had never published anything before in her life. She subsequently published two other Joyce manuscripts, but steadfastly refused everyone else's.



Hugh Ford has done a prodigious amount of research on these people, and produced a chapter of narrative about each of the major publishers, as well as a complete list of their publications. What he hasn't done is write a very readable book.

There are lots of nice things in it: Samuel Beckett, informed one evening that there was a poetry contest afoot (deadline: that night), produced his 98-line "Whoroscope" between tea-time and dawn. . . . James Joyce, rewriting in galley-proof the portion of *Finnegans Wake* that Harry and Caresse Crosby were publishing, would look up and say, "Now, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, I wonder if you understand why I made that change?" "No, why?" they would chorus, and he would treat them to a mind-boggling twenty-minute explanation. . . . Nancy Cunard, who wanted to learn hand-setting and printing in a few days, had to confront the master printer who thought an apprenticeship should last a few years.

BUT THE prose is leaden, the narrative frequently interrupted with publication details (how many copies of a book were printed, what kind of paper and type was used) that could better have been put in the index. And then there are Mr. Ford's pervasive omissions and mistakes. For example, he tells, and tells amusingly, how Joyce latched onto Sylvia Beach and made her his errand girl, accountant, and general caretaker; he seems unaware that it was not just Miss Beach but anyone who came within Joyce's failing sight, from the tobacconist's boy to Samuel Beckett, who wound up "doing little jobs for Jimmy." (Joyce's widow, Nora, once told some friends she was sure that when she died and arrived at the gates of Heaven, St. Peter would not be there to greet her—he'd be out doing little jobs for Jimmy.) Mr. Ford says that Louis Aragon decided to translate *The Hunting of the Snark* into French over Nancy Cunard's protests that it couldn't be done. He quotes a stanza from the translation to prove Miss Cunard wrong; the stanza he chose precisely proves her right. (As it happens, the very next stanza is much better than the one he quotes.) On the other hand, he spends three pages on the differences of critical opinion over a poet named Ralph Cheever Dunning without quoting a single line of Dunning's poetry, which is now virtually unobtainable except in first-class research libraries.

The history of Americans in Paris is worth writing, and still to be written. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

TESTAMENT, *by David Morrell (Evans, 279 pp., $7.95).* Morrell's first novel, *First Blood*, was the best American suspense novel of 1972, and perhaps one of the best ever. *Testament*, his second, shows many of the same strengths. The pace is relentless, the violence stunning, the prose straightforward and crackling. Reuben Bourne, his life destroyed, his family killed one by one, is pursued by a group of vigilantes through mountain country. The externals that have defined his life are stripped away, and, as in *First Blood*, the hero's object becomes survival. Unlike the primary characters in *First Blood*, however, Bourne never quite comes fully alive, in large part because Morrell—an extremely intelligent writer—uses his new novel to test certain psychological concepts, chief among which are theories about the causes and nature of fear. As a result, theme becomes obtrusive, driving a wedge between character and action, and the reader too often finds himself thinking when he should be experiencing—not exactly the effect a novel of suspense should have. Nevertheless, though *Testament* is flawed, Morrell stands head and shoulders above most of his American contemporaries, and in his subsequent novels—the third is nearly finished—he may well be the writer who finally succeeds in raising the suspense novel to a level of literary respectability long ago realized in England but never quite achieved here. JOHN R. COYNE JR.

STRANGERS DEVOUR THE LAND, *by Boyce Richardson (Knopf, 342 pp., $12.50).* I wasn't prepared to like this book. It looked on the surface like simply another account of how inevitable progress interferes with the parochial interests of yet another group of ecologically minded people. But in fact, Richardson has told an absolutely spellbinding tale of how a whole civilization has been capriciously assaulted by the government of Quebec. He captures thoroughly the sensibilities of the Indians of whom he writes, as they once were and as they now are, and he leaves you with the sense that being able to hunt a moose in the middle of winter in northern Quebec takes as much intelligence and trained skill as understanding Kepler's laws. Richardson describes the advancement of the Cree Indians' cause by a persuasive Irish lawyer named O'Reilly, who represents them brilliantly and who in fact has induced the Quebec government to make an incredible settlement of $150 million. His main point, however, is the idiocy of obliterating a unique and intelligent culture. The book has a haunting quality to it and raises questions that stick with you, try as you might to shake them off.

MICHAEL GAZZANIGA

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LETTERS
(Continued from page 535)

What worries me is both the Namierian historical memory and the uncomfortably analogous situation. I was four when I happily skipped between my father and mother as father, the button of the emperor and king proudly on his cap, jauntily stepped out behind the military band marching to the railway station where he boarded a train to fight for a thousand-year-old empire.

Father returned but, unlike Paulla, who enjoyed forty years of peace, was given only twenty years in which to restore his fortune—accelerated history, Professor Stewart. At the age of 52, with no band playing, he and mother were driven with whips and rifle butts toward the self-same railway station to embark on their nightmare journey to captivity and death.

I, aged 29, was marching behind the band of another mighty empire, albeit one only 300 years old. Now I am 64 and the 300-year-old empire in whose ranks I frustrated Herr Hitler's knavish tricks has vanished as irrevocably as my father's empire of a thousand years. I can no longer visit most of the countries in which I lived before 1939, or the countries in which I fought in World War II.

Like Paulla, I see one province after another lost, while Attila's Huns, in the modern guise of Soviet reconnaissance parties, make deep forays across the borders of my country. However, we are not allowed to report the Soviet presence in the Canadian Arctic lest we rock detente and disturb the comfortable 800-year slumber of Professor Stewart and his fellow academics. When they wake up, in 2776, they will still have tenure.

Winnipeg, Man. F. S. MANOR

LEJEUNE
(Continued from page 559)

Mr. Foot has been called a "libertarian" by liberals, and some newspapermen like him because he has been a newspaperman: but the only liberties in which he has ever shown much interest are collective—the liberty of trade unions and the liberty of Parliament. The two measures with which he has been principally associated lately are a bill to legalize the "closed shop" (not exempting the newspaper industry, despite all pleas that to give the National Union of Journalists such power would be incompatible with the freedom of the press), and one which would give dockers a monopoly right to all cargo-handling jobs within five miles of the water's edge. He would, on his own admission, like to see a wartime system of priorities and controls. He was an advocate of nuclear disarmament, and

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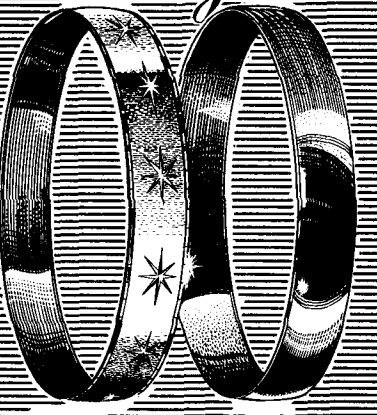

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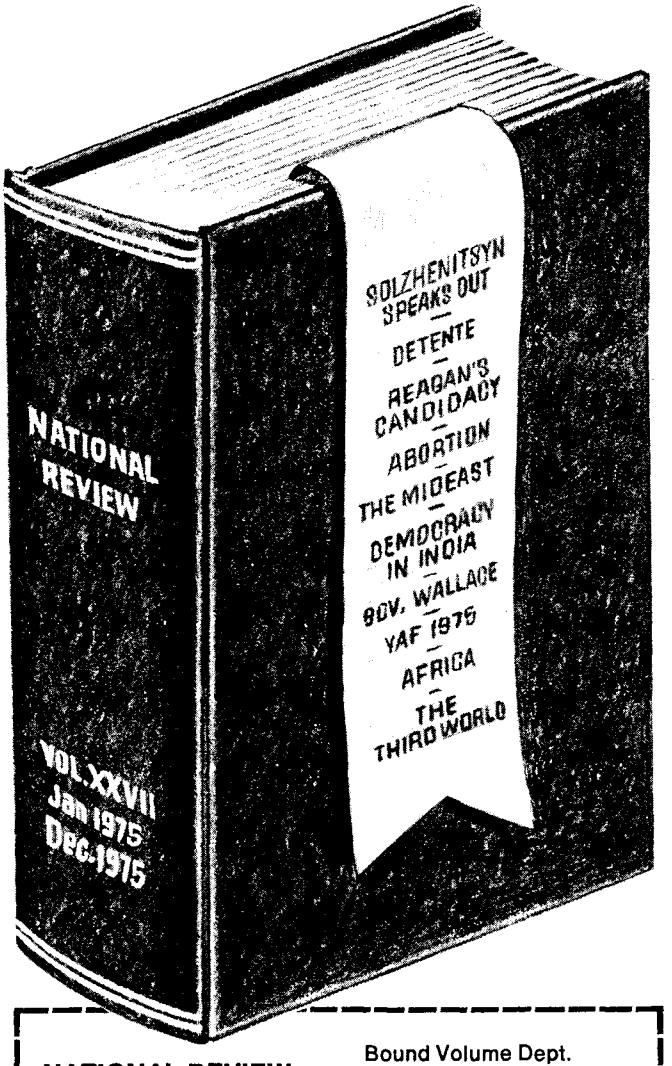

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in foreign affairs his natural sympathy seems rather with the Soviet Union than with capitalist Europe.

After a lifetime of acerbic oratory, he was brought into the government by Mr. Wilson in order to please the left-wingers and disarm the unions; a move which was praised at the time as being part of a clever balancing act, but which brought the left-wingers, whom Mr. Foot represents, into the citadel of power and has given them, in effect, a stranglehold on policy. Having run Mr. Callaghan so close in the leadership contest, Mr. Foot is now widely considered the second most powerful and influential man in the Labor government. Whether or not through pressure from him (as has been rumored), Roy Jenkins was blocked from becoming Foreign Secretary, and may now be on his way out of British politics altogether, disillusioned with the state of the Labor Party.

The increasing strength of the Left, of the Marxists, inside the Party has been obvious over the past few years. They have captured its National Executive Committee: they dominate its annual conference. There was, however, a comforting theory that the Labor Members of Parliament remained overwhelmingly social democrat and would keep the Marxists at bay. The voting figures in the leadership election show how thin this protection is.

With Mr. Foot riding high and Mr. Jenkins pushed aside, the Labor Party has now been revealed in something more like its true colors: and the sight must have shaken a good many of the sillier, but themselves moderate, liberals. The Marxist wing of the Labor Party represents only a small sector of public opinion. But so did the Communists in Czechoslovakia and Portugal.

Within a few hours of Mr. Callaghan's becoming Prime Minister, the ineluctable slide of political events reoccupied the front pages. Denis Healey, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and another defeated candidate for the leadership, introduced his extraordinary budget, in which the main tax proposals—involving some modest cuts to compensate partially for inflation—were made conditional on the agreement of the unions to accept wage increases of not more than about 3 per cent. This approach is blatantly unfair, since it makes everybody's income tax dependent on the wishes, and perceived interest, of an organized minority of the working population: but it admits very frankly where, at least under this government, true power lies.

The value of the pound immediately began to fall again: partly because the unions, whose arrogance is now quite overweening, expressed their resentment of any terms which they had not themselves dictated; and partly because, even if the Chancellor's strategy were accepted, it would not get Britain out of the classic "debtor's hole" into which her economy is sinking.

So what happens next? Will the government be forced into an election before very long? And would an election solve anything? Are the Conservatives willing, or able, to stand up to the unions, and is the electorate, which ran away from a confrontation last time, now willing to let them? The crystal ball seems impenetrably clouded. Meanwhile, money is steadily draining away from Britain's depleted reserves, public expenditure is still out of control, and the quiet emigration of talented people is becoming a flood.

Harold Wilson has vanished like a Cheshire cat from the middle of this troubled scene, leaving the bewildered and somewhat fatuous Mr. Callaghan directly in the path of the storm. □

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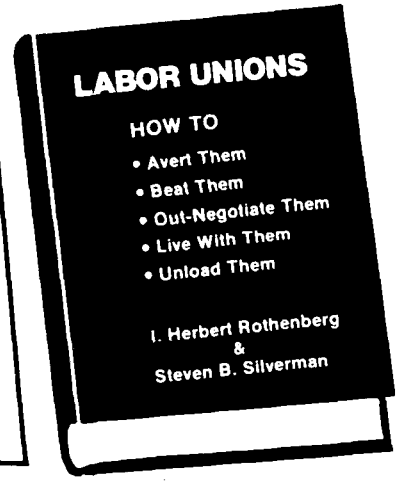

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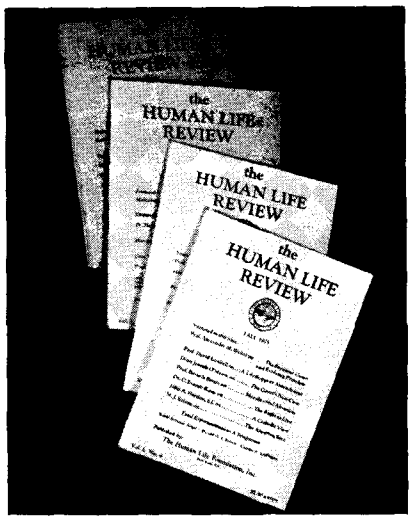

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

CHERI; I searched for the perfect woman till I found you, but you had one flaw, you wanted the perfect man, farewell, Jonathan.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

RONALD REAGAN:

A Campaign Speech (1964).

A child's prayer in a school cafeteria endangers freedom, but the people of the Amish religion . . . who cannot participate in Social Security because of their religious beliefs, have had their livestock seized and sold at auction to enforce payment of Social Security dues.

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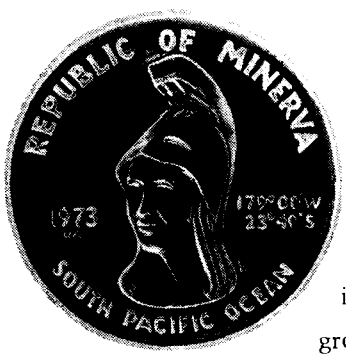

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The Republic of Minerva

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On June 21, 1972 Minerva was forcibly invaded by the Kingdom of Tonga, its nearest neighbor, 260 miles distant. Unable to effectively defend the island, its government was forced into exile pending resolution of the conflict. The possibility remains that the Republic of Minerva may yet reclaim its territory and if that should happen, the Minerva coin could multiply in value many times over.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Carter Invincible?

On The Right

New York, April 30—The poll tells us that if Senator Humphrey had run in Pennsylvania, he would have achieved one-half the vote—well ahead of Carter. Yawn. In the first place we can't know whether that is true. In the process of running in behalf of oneself, inevitably one runs against somebody else. What Humphrey would have achieved if he had hypothetically run can be very different from what he would have achieved if he had actually run. Senator Humphrey in recent days has all but taken a blood oath to the labor unions, tonsured himself, donned coveralls and lunch-box, and said: "Tell me what to do." It is altogether conceivable that if he had run in his present posture, even in a state as heavily unionized as Pennsylvania, he'd have been rejected.

AND, ANYWAY, the game can be played on and on. If Humphrey had run, the poll says, he'd have beaten Carter. Well, if Kennedy had run, he probably would have beaten Humphrey—in the polls. In an actual contest, it is by no means established that Carter wouldn't have beaten the lot of them. You see, Carter is the Democrat on the rise. He is relatively unknown, which can hardly be said about Messrs. Humphrey and Kennedy. The growing excitement that attaches to his name may at some point lead him to the point reached by George McGovern: but I begin to doubt it.

An unexpected aspect of the success of Carter is that his mystery reflects nicely the difficulties Democrats have in being concrete. When a typical Democrat promises full employment without inflation—or full and "free" medical care—the public begins, finally, to sense that it is being trafficked with. Jimmy Carter is not only less than concrete, he seems to take the position that it is somehow vulgar to be concrete. When he is forced to take a direct stand on an issue—forced, for instance, in front of labor union tribunals to drink to the repeal of 14(b)—then he appears to be doing so less out of conviction than out of good nature. A matter of indulgence. "If you want to go to the World Series that bad, sonny, why I'll just dig into mah savings and get you a ticket."

Thus, to a black audience, Jimmy Carter announces that he is for school integration. And to a white audience, he says he is against forced busing. In fact, the two positions are not always incompatible. But, in fact, Jimmy Carter hasn't said what is his position in such parts of the United States where the two positions are indeed incompatible. South Boston, for instance. He would prefer to urge his listeners to believe that under his leadership tensions would dissolve: why should anybody be mad at anybody else, when Jimmy Carter isn't mad at anybody, and loves us all equally?

I tell you, brothers and sisters, it is a formidable posture. And it is in my judgment, and in the judgment of men more practiced in cynicism (the sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued Richard Reeves, for example), entirely sincere, even if it is amorphous. I happen myself to believe in the coming of the Lord, but I do not believe that the Lord takes an emphatic moral position on 14(b), even though I believe that if Jimmy Carter wanted to exclude all but theological arguments, I could make a monkey out of him in a debate on 14(b).

What issues, then, is without any afflatus to specificity. It is, rather, a matter of tone. It is an effective tone because anyone with a slightly better than superficial knowledge of Christianity knows that it is a religion of great discipline as well as great compassion. Thou art forgiven, *but sin no more*. A religion whose paradoxes have inspired the most beautiful poetry and music ever written; whose planted axioms have excited the attention of the most rigorous analytical minds. It is most commonly assumed that religion is mere incantation. A nice ritual, suitable for baptisms, weddings, and funerals, and best delivered by Hallmark. Carter says it is an entirely different context. "In 1967, I had a profound religious experience that changed my life. I accepted Christ into my life."

That, really, is a terrifying statement. And I do not doubt that it is the source of the awe and horror some people are feeling as Carter heads for the nomination. When Jonathan Edwards preached to a generation of deists at Yale, the historian records, "infidelity skulked its head." The prospect of a President who would attempt to rule according to the Word is not only anti-cosmopolitan, it is in the nature of heresy against the commandments of the secular state. Could it be that a President Carter would come out against a particular measure on the grounds that he thought it wrong?

That is the nature of the Carter problem. It is likelier that the system will break him, than that he should break the system. It is also quite possible that the general temper of his indulgence would bring him to stress good nature to the breaking-point of discipline. It has been calculated that, while governor, the whole of his administrative indulgences was equal to more than the sum of its parsimonious parts. Promise them simplicity, and a decent austerity, and give them Macy's window. He will be pressed to the wall in the coming months, but my own guess is that he's going to make it. □

UNSEX ME NOW

New York, May 12—What do Mary McCarthy, Joyce Carol Oates, Muriel Spark, and Joan Didion have in common?

Ans. They are first-class writers. If you like, you can say they are "first-class woman writers." But it must be somewhere along the line communicated that by that you mean that they are first-class writers who are women. Otherwise there is a patronizing residue, as in "he is a first-class junior skier." Ironically, one of the reasons these ladies (patronizing? All right, these women) are first-class writers is that they would shun like the plague such exhortations as are being urged on all writers by the National Council of Teachers of English (NCTE), in the name of eliminating sexism.

As a rather agreeable surprise, the latest bulletin from the anti-sexist league is itself fairly literate. We are told that "The man who cannot cry

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and the woman who cannot command are equally victims of their socialization." The trouble is that by the time they are through with their recommendations, they make everybody cry who cares for the mother tongue.

UNHAPPILY, there is no way in the English of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and Faulkner, to get rid of the synecdoche "man," which, as in "mankind," means man and woman. Clifton Fadiman wrote years ago that the English language is wonderfully resourceful, but that "there are some things you *just can't do with it*." One of them is to replace "man" in some situations. Consider the efforts of the NCTE.

The common man becomes *the average person*, or *ordinary people*. Try it out . . . "The century of the average person." No. Why? If you don't know, I can't tell you. Ditto for "The century of ordinary people." Here, at least, you can point out that ordinary has several meanings and that whereas common does too, the conjunction of *common man* instantly excludes all but the Henry Wallace use of the word common; whereas the conjunction of *ordinary man* does not exclude such a sniffy remark as, says, Lucius Beebe might have made about vulgar people. Clarity is one of the objectives of good writers, which is why Mary McCarthy would never write about "the century of ordinary people."

The bulletin offers you a typical sexist slur: *The average student is worried about his grades*. Suggested substitute: *The average student is worried about grades*. There again, you will note a difficulty. The two sentences do not mean exactly the same thing. In the first, the student is worried about his (or her) grades. In the second, the student is worried about grades as a generic concern. Perhaps he is worried about, say, the role that grades play or do not play in getting into graduate school. Anyway, there is a residual indistinction, and English teachers shouldn't be teaching people how to write imprecisely.

The bulletin notes that English does not have a generic singular common-sex pronoun, the convention being to use the male. This will be proscribed . . . *If the student was satisfied with his performance on the pretest, he took the posttest*. This becomes, *A student who was satisfied with her or his performance on the pretest took the posttest*. That is called killing two birds with one stone. You eliminate the generic male singular, *and* reverse the conventional sequence (her and his). The distortions ring in the ear.

At one point, the NCTE wants us to validate improper usage. Here we are asked to rewrite *Anyone who wants to go to the game should bring his money tomorrow* to *Anyone who wants to go to the game should bring their money tomorrow*; and I say anyone who does that kind of thing at this point should not be hired as a professional writer.

So mobilized are these folk that they do not stop at a war far from the cosmopolitan centers, designed to wipe out little pockets of vernacular resistance. *Gal Friday* has to become *assistant*. A *libber* must become a *feminist* (here I think they have dealt from the bottom of the deck: what's inherently sexist about libber?). A *man-sized job* becomes a *big* or *enormous job*. Question: How do you describe a job that requires physical exertion beyond the biological powers of wopersons?

It is comforting to know that this effort to correct the language will precisely not succeed because the genuine artists among woman writers are more concerned for their craft than for fashionable sociological skirmishes. Nothing more persuades the general public of women's inferiority (which doctrine is of course preposterous) than efforts at equality achieved by indicting good prose. □

WARNING: QUAGMIRE AHEAD

New York, May 3—There is a movement to pass a law which could forbid United States corporations from tendering bribes, or engaging in graft. Meanwhile, pressure increases on our own government, exerted by foreign governments, to release to them the names of all foreigners listed in congressional testimony as having received American money for illicit purposes. Concerning all this, a few observations:

1. A request by a foreign government for names of indigenous politicians of easy morals is not necessarily sincere. There are two reasons for this. The first is that whatever the thirst for justice, there is the matter of national pride. Some countries would be depopulated if every official who had taken a bribe were exposed. Moreover, in some cases the people who are loudly demanding that the United States release the information are doing so in the way that some people sue splashily for libel: to distract attention from the fact of their own guilt.

The second is that it is very difficult to prosecute an official in the absence of evidence of his guilt. That evidence could hang on the credibility of an American businessman. Pray, how would, say, the Peruvian government get that businessman to go over and testify in a Peruvian court? What if, under local law, not only the Peruvian was a lawbreaker, but also the American? One would suppose that the relevant official, or ex-official, of Lockheed has enough problems without volunteering to go to jail in Peru.

2. If we passed a law making it illegal to suborn a foreign official, American companies would, of course, lose business to the extent that competitors were unburdened by similar laws. Question: Would enterprising Americans feel that to protect their competitive position, they should penetrate the operations of foreign competitors in order to expose *their* corrupt practices? Would an American company be permitted to bribe an employee of a competitive company to report on the internal practices of that company? Or would the new law forbid this?

3. Mr. Herman Kahn of the Hudson Institute has often stressed the difference between "graft" and "corruption." I can find no etymological authority for that distinction, although it is eminently perceptible. Under the Kahn Rule, "corruption" is when you bribe the Mexican Commissioner of Motor Vehicles to give you a driving license even though you are blind as a bat and are unable to distinguish Mexican democracy from authoritarianism. "Graft" is when you give somebody in the office a hundred pesos to give you your license, to which you are entitled, today, rather than three months from today, which is the normal bureaucratic pace. Graft (or whatever you wish to call it) is an anti-bureaucratic lubricant. Even so, it may be technically illegal. It is technically illegal for the networks to slip money into the hands of customs inspectors to persuade them not to open, and therefore delay delivery of, their precious cans of newsfilm while looking for smuggled dope. But if they failed to do so, it would leave John Chancellor at the mercy of Walter Cronkite, or vice versa. How would a law formulate the ethical distinction?

4. And how would the law deal with the question of extortion? "Mr. Jones, sir, unless $100,000 is deposited in Swiss Bank Account Z 787-8 by next Monday, the Minister of the Interior will introduce legislation raising the tax on your refinery by 100 per cent. If our calculations are correct, that will—er—drive you out of Nigeria."

It can't be done. It is strange that as our knowledge of cultural diversity increases, the old Wilsonian delusion that you can make people behave the way we want them to behave survives. The boys are leading us toward a juridical Vietnam. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A Congressman from Ohio — 2 60 86 182 32 148

B. What a door sometimes is — 36 164 180 107

C. Any of a genus of mold fungi including economic pests causing decay — 158 58 53 6 116 179 77 166

D. A city in Louisiana — 64 104 172 1 155 117

E. Characterized by nonchalance — 73 18 28 92 34 115 168 44 65 95

F. An American journalist (1866-1936), middle name Lincoln — 98 35 142 9 153 3 159 54

G. A wedding in which an arm is used before the hand is given — 110 126 184 105 10 174 21

H. A Jewish month — 122 81 47 143

I. A time to be silly? — 48 33 15 89 96

J. An angler's bride — 56 170 4 130 72 183 144 161

K. Caesar might have eaten this, but not Cesar — 135 7 74 128 165 118 24

L. An order to be gone — 127 69 109 133 181 129

M. An American author (1857-1944), middle name Minerva — 91 134 82 41 131 61 119

N. A retreat — 100 12 139 43 51 67 76 29 85 97

O. A kiln or group of kilns — 8 25 52 57

P. According to the Gregorian Calendar — 149 63 99 26 163 138 39 87

Q. To discharge completely — 79 150 132 120 40 31

R. Zip code 64850 — 88 42 11 121 176 145

S. To dedicate or consecrate (or what the illiterates now have) — 37 13 156 111 125 70

T. Larcenous people — 167 75 5 151 93 157 71

U. To make an impression on — 106 84 169 27 175 45

V. A chemical element — 178 46 124 94 162

W. Confused or meaningless talk — 14 20 154 147 66 146 103 50 90

X. Regard — 59 173 137 113 177 16

Y. To make a pretense of — 140 17 68 80 101

Z. Any of various, usually green, often mottled or blotched rocks — 152 141 102 30 19 108

a. Morally corrupt — 23 55 62 78 83 112

b. A confused mixture — 160 49 22 38 114 123 136 185 171

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 580 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 D	2 A	3 F		4 J	5 T	6 C	7 K		8 O	9 F		10 G	11 R	12 N	13 S	14 W
15 I	16 X	17 Y	18 E	19 Z		20 W	21 G	22 b	23 a	24 K	25 O	26 P	27 U	28 E		29 N	30 Z
31 Q	32 A	33 I	34 E	35 F		36 B		37 S	38 b	39 P	40 Q	41 M	42 R	43 N	44 E	45 U	46 V
	47 H	48 I	49 b	50 W	51 N	52 O	53 C	54 F		55 a	56 J		57 O	58 C	59 X		60 A
61 M	62 a	63 P	64 D	65 E	66 W	67 N	68 Y	69 L	70 S	71 T		72 J	73 E	74 K	75 T	76 N	77 C
78 a		79 Q	80 Y	81 H		82 M	83 a	84 U	85 N	86 A	87 P	88 R	89 I	90 W		91 M	92 E
	93 T	94 V	95 E	96 I	97 N	98 F		99 P	100N	101Y	102Z	103W	104D	105G		106U	
107B	108Z	109L	110G	111S	112a	113X	114b		115E	116C	117D	118K	119M	120Q	121R	122H	123b
124V		125S	126G	127L	128K		129L	130J	131M		132Q	133L	134M	135K	136b	137X	138P
	139N	140Y		141Z	142F	143H	144J	145R	146W	147W	148A	149P	150Q	151T		152Z	153F
	154W	155D	156S	157T	158C	159F	160b	161J	162V	163P		164B	165K	166C	167T	168E	169U
170J	171b	172D		173X	174G	175U	176R		177X	178V	179C	180B	181L	182A	183J	184G	185b

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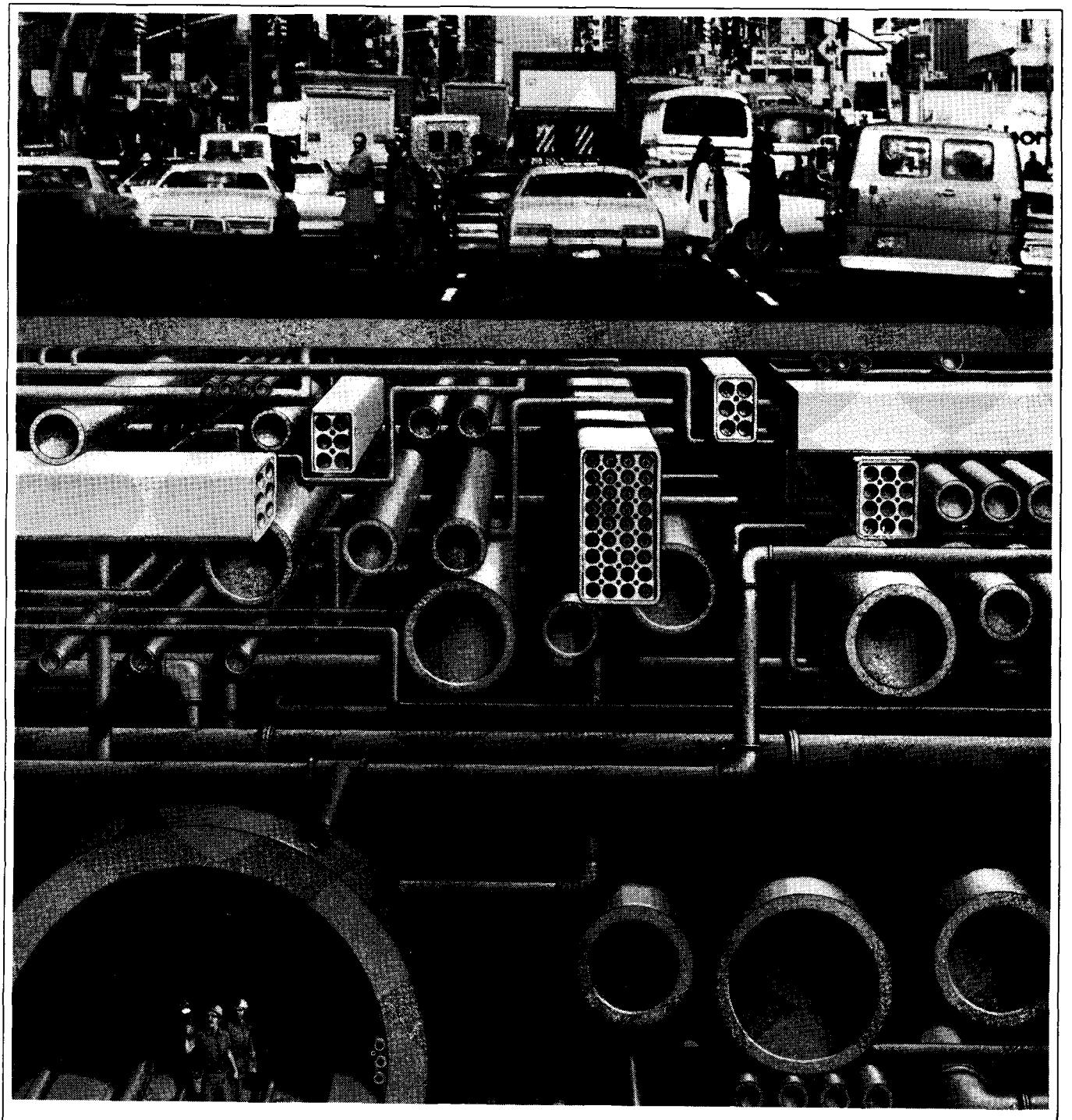

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We could end the congestion below our streets, without tearing them up to do it.

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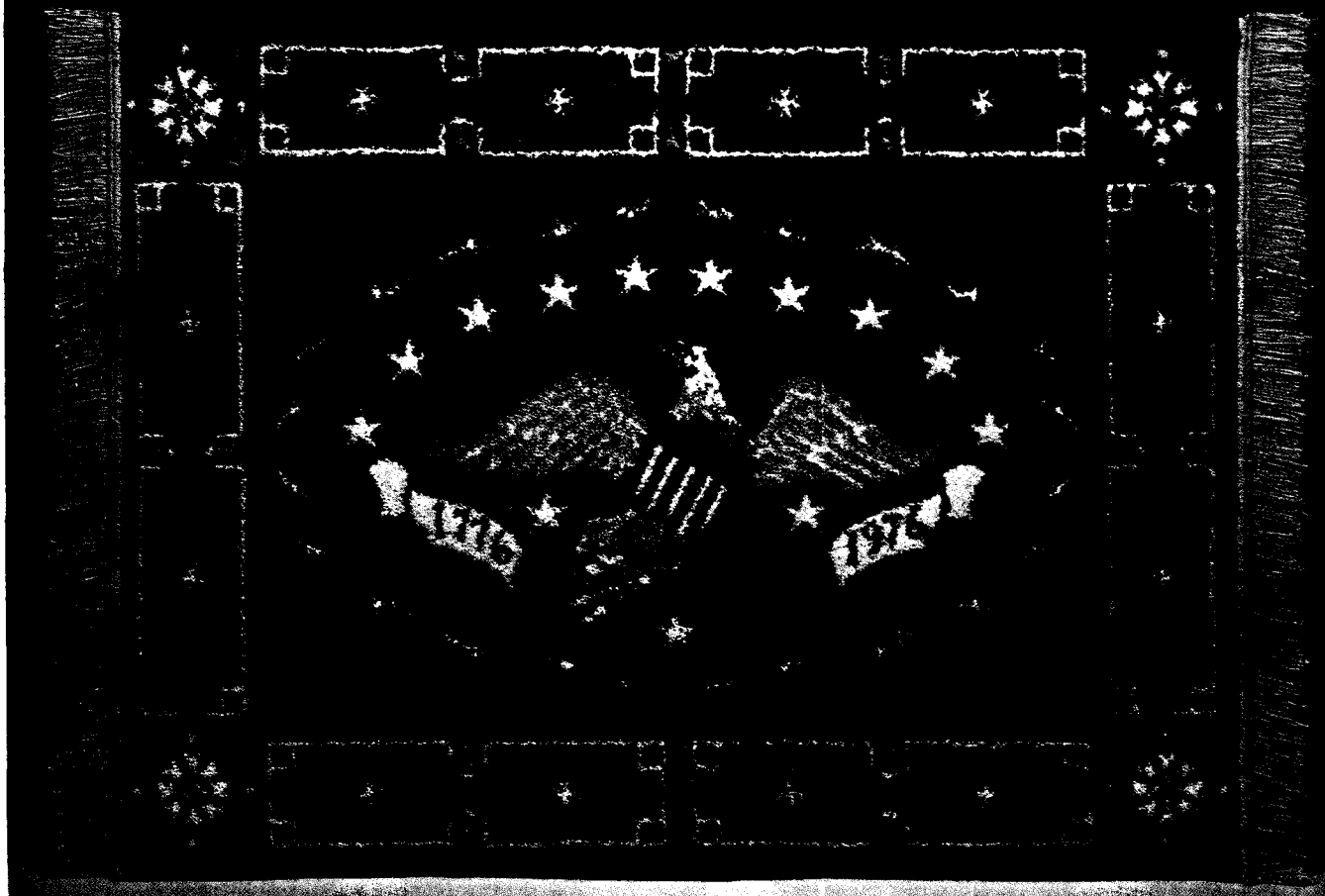
A rug like this comes along once every 200 years.



The Bicentennial rug.

It's a very special work of art you may want to hang on a wall. It's something that could become an heirloom.

In fact, it now decorates the foyer of the Vice Presidential Mansion and has become a part of the permanent collection of the Smithsonian Institute.

The Bicentennial is an exclusive Milliken design. Made of 100% Anso® nylon, it measures 2'10" x 4'4". And has a 5-year wear guarantee.

See your Milliken Rug Dealer or send your check for $26.00 to THE MILL STORE, 612 LINCOLN STREET, LAGRANGE, GEORGIA 30240. BankAmericard or Master Charge numbers accepted. No C.O.D.'s please. Price includes shipping and handling in Continental USA.

Don't delay though, it'll be a long, long time before you see another rug like this one.

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